APR. 7, 1947

New Republic

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Henry Wallace

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PM's *Views On Greek Relief*

President Truman on March 12th requested from Congress a $400,000,000 appropriation "for assistance to Greece and Turkey" and—*authority to send a detail of American civilian and military personnel to these countries "to assist in the tasks of reconstruction and for the purpose of supervising the use of such financial and material assistance as may be furnished."*

PM's Editors believe that this is a definite step towards a New Struggle for World Power.

Here is PM's Formula for Handling the Situation in Greece

"First, give aid to the Greek people, but on conditions that the government be reformed to include the elements now unrepresented. To help such a government would not involve us in a struggle with Russia, yet it would give the stability in Greece which ought to be what we are seeking. There were some rumors, before the President's speech, that he would incorporate in it this condition. His failure to do so is an omission of first importance.

"Second, the aid we give the Greek people must be wholly economic, not at all military. It should include no military or training mission or war material, as the President proposes. Granted a change in the government, as proposed above, it would be possible to keep the aid wholly economic. For there would be no need for fighting a civil war to the bitter end.

"Our action in aiding Greece should be done under the UN, along with Britain and Russia, (to the extent that either can afford aid), and within the spirit of all our international commitments. It is hard to grow wrathful at Russian violations of that spirit and Russian interventionism when we make ourselves guilty of both."

Max Lerner
(in PM, March 13th)

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New Republic

CONTENTS FOR APRIL 7, 1947

News in Focus	5	Fanning the Spark
	6	Mine Disaster
	8	Moscow Conference Report
Washington Wire	11	Economic Nonsense
Henry Wallace	12	The State Department's Case
General Articles	14	Magic Valley: by Hart Stilwell
	18	John Taber: by Eugene Rachlis
	22	The Hubalahap: by Rohin Kinkead
	27	Sliding Uphill: by Thomas Whiteside
Cartoon	24	Sons of Old Salem
Books in Review	31	Russia's Lively Arts
	32	Czechoslovakia Today
	33	Imaginary Portrait
	34	Freud in Technicolor
	35	The Best We Could
United Nations News	36	Caution! Our Lake
Labor	37	The States Hit Labor
Farm	38	Feeding the Land
Movies	39	Psychiatry, Plain and Fancy
Radio	41	Whose World Flight?
Theatre	42	David and Uriah
Music	43	Records for Easter
Etcetera	3	Letter of the Week
	46	Bandwagon
	47	Correspondence

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Letter of the Week

Hitch-Hiking to Moscow

The writer of this letter, Dr. Ernest M. Gruenberg, is now working in psychiatry at a large New York hospital.

SIR: Because of the current trend of the American press to publish material suggesting that it is impossible to get along with the Soviet Union, your readers will probably be interested in learning of the experiences which two other American officers and I enjoyed while hitch-hiking to Moscow from the middle of Poland in February, 1945. The concepts of the "iron curtain" and of "the police state" should fade considerably when it is realized that this wartime trip was made without official identification papers, without money, without authorization for travel and by men dressed in miscellaneous bits of uniforms from various armies.

There is an added reason for feeling that a true account of our experiences should be published at this time, since an erroneous account of them by General John R. Deane has recently been issued by the Viking Press in a book called *The Strange Alliance: The Story of Our Efforts at Wartime Coöperation with Russia.* This book is currently a best seller, has been offered by the Book-of-the-Month Club as an inducement for joining, and was recently discussed on its radio program, "The Author Meets the Critics," in which Norman Thomas especially recommended the chapter on "Repatriation of Prisoners of War" as a true picture of the difficulties involved in getting along with the Soviet Union. It is from this chapter that the following references are taken so that your readers, by comparing them with a true description of the events, may draw their own conclusions.

Frank Colley of Washington, Georgia, then Lieutenant, Field Artillery; John N. Dimling of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, then Lieutenant, Infantry; and I, then Captain, Medical Corps, had been captured by the Germans in Africa, Anzio and Normandy,

(Continued on page 44)

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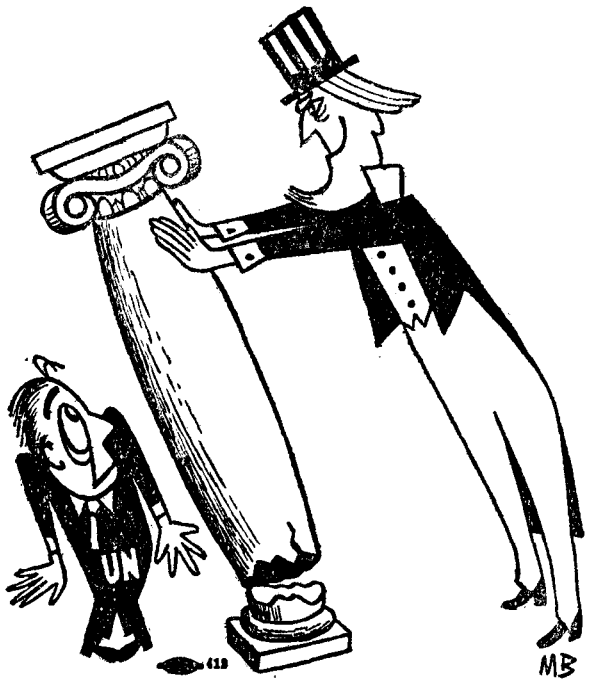
IF YOU BELIEVE THAT **UN** *IS THE ANSWER ON GREECE AND TURKEY*



SPEAK UP NOW!

If you believe that starving people need food, not guns—that the American ideal of democracy can be preserved only by people who are fed, not fought —that we should aid people, not armies—that enactment of the Truman proposals will undermine the UN and usher in a Century of Fear—THEN YOU MUST SPEAK UP NOW . . . *Or Forever Lose Your Peace!*

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P.C.A. *is speaking*—with full-page ads in the New York *Times*, Washington *Post*, Chicago *Sun* and other newspapers, reproducing the complete text of Henry Wallace's magnificent radio address of March 13 in answer to the Truman proposals—with a mass rally featuring Wallace at Madison Square Garden—with two coast-to-coast broadcasts—with a mass delegation to Washington. We are giving the public the facts it needs.

AND ACT . . .

with our community chapters. Throughout the nation they are distributing hundreds of thousands of reprints of the Wallace speech. They are holding mass rallies, forums, public opinion polls, circulating petitions, sending delegations.

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New Republic

VOLUME 116, NUMBER 14, ISSUE 1688, NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 7, 1947

News in Focus

Fanning the Spark

Civil Liberties

GETTING saltier with the Russians and "cracking down" on Communists at home seemed to be paying off in popularity for Harry Truman. Sixty percent of the voters polled by Gallup approved of the way the President was handling his job last week, as compared with 32 percent at election time last fall. Democratic Party leaders hoped that their man had found the formula for victory in 1948. Republican Majority Leader Charles Halleck (Ind.) told his party caucus in private: "Ever since the election, the President has followed the lead of the Republicans. He finally moved to clean out the Communists and other subversives we have been after for years. Truman's popularity is rising because he's a smart Pendergast boy who knows which way the wind blows. He's done everything except register Republican."

Thoughtful citizens were showing concern, however, over the consequences of mixing politicking with principles.

The Rankins in both parties were carefully tending the fire the Administration had carelessly kindled when Labor Secretary Lewis Schwellenbach suggested outlawing the Communist Party as the easiest way of dealing with the problem. Three weeks later, the Administration had made no move to disclaim Schwellenbach's view. And the House Committee on Un-American Activities was madly fanning the spark into a spreading, licking blaze.

Colonel John Thomas Taylor, legislative director of the American Legion, led off a week of inflammatory hearings by urging that "every alien Communist should be deported . . . and every citizen who is a member should be thrown into the hoosegow."

William Bullitt, the former Ambassador to Russia, was reluctant to go that far. To outlaw the CP would be to make "martyrs" of the "Red Fascists," he said. Bullitt, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, the US Chamber of Commerce's Dr. Emerson Schmidt, State Senator Jack Tenney, head of California's "Little Dies Committee," and ex-Governor George Earle of Pennsylvania all hammered at the same points, in their vastly different fashions, to spread the same deadly impressions.

¶ Communist "infiltration" is so great that there is imminent danger that they will take control of the country. ("When the Communists overthrew the Russian government there was one Communist for every 2,277 persons in Russia. In the US today there is one Communist for every 1,814 persons in the country." – J. Edgar Hoover.)

¶ Communists have "penetrated" into not only "the labor movement, the government," but the "schools, churches, the movie and radio industries, book publishing" and most other vital sectors of US life (Dr. Schmidt and Hoover).

¶ "The Communist Party of the United States is a fifth column if there ever was one" (Hoover). The US Communists are "agents of a foreign power" (Schmidt) and must be placed under much more stringent legislative control than now exists.

What course did all this require us to take in our relations with the Soviet Union? "Red Fascism . . . is the greatest threat there is to any form of decent life on this globe," Bullitt volunteered to the committee. This exchange followed in the hearing record:

Representative Bonner (D, N. C.): "Mr. Bullitt, what you have said leads me to fear that we haven't got much time."

Representative Rankin (D, Miss.): "We are at war now."

Bonner: "What do you think Russia would do with the atomic bomb?"

Bullitt: "If she had it, it would already have been dropped on the United States."

George Earle developed the theme. With "Russian fanatics determined to 'dominate the world'," Earle prophesied, "there is no better than an even chance that 10 percent of us Americans will be alive five years from today." His remedy: "I would say every nation must permit atomic inspection, or we'll use the atom bomb on them immediately."

On that note, chairman J. Parnell Thomas (R, N. J.) brought the hearing to a close. "The hearings were so extensive, so successful," Thomas explained, "that a cross section of all organizations has been heard and it may not be necessary to have any more witnesses." (AFL President William Green had been the sole spokesman from the "liberal" side).

Both Corners

Foreign Affairs

THE Truman Administration was still talking out of two sides of its mouth as the $400 million loan to Greece and Turkey worked its way through the congressional mill. The spokesmen sent to Capitol Hill were holding the tack which described the Greek loan as if it were primarily an emergency relief operation. As little as possible, however, was being said about Turkey.

Not since the President's address to Congress had an Administration official volunteered further information on the Truman Doctrine's world mission to oppose communism and the Soviet Union. What the Administration was loath to say publicly, others were saying for it. Columnist Walter Lippmann, scorning

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the Administration's "disclaimers, denials, apologies and assurances," supplied this blunt explanation:

> The reason for intervening in Greece and Turkey is that, of all places in the world, they are best suited strategically for the employment of American military power to check the expansion of Soviet military power.

The idea might shock many Americans. But it had an honest ring, something that was lacking in UN Delegate Warren Austin's speech at Lake Success when he said that the United States would be "giving momentum to the United Nations" by its Greek-Turkish program.

Austin's statement before the Security Council was designed to allay fears at home and abroad that the US was bypassing the UN. He emphasized that "the whole world should be fully informed of the acts, the motives and the purposes of the United States."

His listeners would hardly have considered themselves "fully informed" on all those things if they had depended solely on Austin. Never once in his 3,000-word address did he apply the word "military" in describing the US program. Anyone who first learned of the plan from Austin's statement would have been startled to find out later that guns and ammunition and war supplies would use up more than half the proposed $400 million.

Like the proposed UN preamble to the loan legislation, Austin's words were like a lecture against drink pinned to a free sample of whiskey. Unilateral intervention by the US, Austin said was "a most essential act" in supporting US objectives "to strengthen the United Nations and to advance the building of collective security under the United Nations."

On the day Austin spoke, the Senate War Investigating Committee launched hearings on a subject many Americans might suspect bore some relation to the Greek-Turkish program—Middle East oil. Acting Secretary of State Dean Acheson had assured Congress the Greek-Turkish plan would have been launched even if there were not a drop of oil in that part of the world. But Senator Owen Brewster (R, Me.) was not convinced. He expressed belief that the assistance program was designed among other things to "guarantee" the position of American oil firms in Saudi Arabia. James A. Moffet, a retired oil operator, brought up the subject again with charges that the US Navy had been overcharged $70 million for Arabian oil through manipulations by US producers.

Americans who wanted the US to aid Greece but who objected to the Truman way of doing it took heart from the testimony of Paul A. Porter before the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Porter, the former OPA chief who headed a recent temporary US economic mission to Greece, emphasized his complete agreement with the Truman plan. But he also made these points:

¶ He would not object to permitting UN representatives to observe the US effort in Greece.

¶ He hoped an improvement in the economic condition might lead to new elections and a new Greek government "free from the fears that have dominated the country since 1935."

¶ His idea would be to give a US mission virtual policy-making power over the Greek economy to ensure the necessary basic reforms. This mission would have authority to recommend that the US Government withdraw or reduce its aid if the Greeks failed in "substantial compliance with any of the conditions."

Porter's statement was in contrast to Acheson's testimony. Acheson had said it would not be advisable to have UN observation of the US program and emphasized that the US would not recommend new elections or a broadening of the Greek government as a condition for the American aid.

If a man of Porter's stature could be named to head the US mission, fears about the US course in Greece might at least be allayed. But conservatives in both major parties were moving to head off such a development and ensure appointment of "good, hard-headed, conscientious businessmen" in the mission. With support of some Southern Democrats, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge (R, Mass.) introduced an amendment which would require that the President's top appointees to the Greek and Turkish missions be confirmed by the Senate. Some Senators said frankly that this was a move to guarantee "Hoover-type" missions to carry out the programs.

Centralia No. 5

Illinois

THE day shift was just beginning to come out of the mine when it happened. The cage squealed to the top of the 540-foot hole. The first load of 10 coal-dusty men dragged themselves into the hard glare and fanned out past the railroad shops toward the grisly Illinois hamlet. A pair of them headed automatically for one of the three beer taverns handy to the pithead. It was about mid-afternoon.

Above ground, the death rattle of Centralia No. 5 was no more than a low rumble in the deep, black earth. A curl of milky smoke trailed out of the shaft. Then the smoke thickened and drifted with the panic over the tiny coalfield community. The sight of it stopped the lucky 10 in their tracks and sent them scampering back toward the tipple.

It took the frantic rescue party 27 hours to bring out the first body. The bearers carried it grimly past the tight-lipped families, waiting in the new-fallen snow. They laid it gently down inside a nearby garage. It was the first of many such trips, seemingly without end.

Below ground, the searchers, peering cautiously through their gas masks, kept groping along the three and one-half miles of dank tunnels. A few at a time, they stumbled upon the little groups of sprawled and waxen miners, lying where the black damp had sucked the oxygen from their lungs. "It looked like a cyclone had come down those tunnels, tearing up railroad ties, snapping telephone and light wires and throwing braces around like toothpicks," said one rescuer.

In the wake of the blast the gas had poked its lethal fingers into every timbered tomb of the 39-year-old diggings. Only a handful of men near the shaft had escaped. One of the fortunate, a veteran of a half-century of mining, staggered gratefully out, muttering: "I've dug my last mile of coal." All told, Centralia No. 5 was the last mile for 111 disaster victims.

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The toll was the worst US mine catastrophe since May 19, 1928, when 195 miners had perished at Mather, Pennsylvania. In the history of the rich Illinois coal fields, it was the blackest day since a mine explosion killed 259 on November 13, 1909. In 1946, mine accidents had snatched 974 lives, injured 57,000 others. During wartime years the ghastly totals had been 5,295 dead and 259,408 injured—one casualty for every two of this country's half-million mining population. In comparison, the casualty rate in the US armed forces had averaged only one for every 14 in uniform.

There was shocking evidence that the hazards in the tired veins of Centralia No. 5 were even greater than those which had registered such dismal yearly figures in other US mines. Federal mine inspector Frank Perz last November had reported 165 violations of state and federal safety codes in the doomed mine. They included improper blasting, excessive coal dust, the use of open-flame lamps, and faulty ventilation equipment. Over a year ago, four officers of the United Mine Workers' Local 52 had written to Governor Dwight H. Green to charge state safety authorities with "negligence" for not forcing the removal of "dirty, dusty and unsafe" conditions. "This is a plea to you to please save our lives, to please make the Department of Mines and Minerals enforce the laws at the No. 5 mine of the Centralia Coal Company," their letter begged. One of the four signers of the missive was among the first of the dead to be identified.

Politicking had obviously interfered with the application of safety precautions. An Illinois coal operator, Louis F. Lumaghi Jr., had complained that state mine inspectors were spending their energies asking mine owners to contribute to the campaign fund of Russell W. Root, Republican nominee for mayor of Chicago. GOP-appointed Robert M. Medill, director of Mines and Minerals, conceded the charges with a statement condoning only "voluntary" contributions. "As a Republican, I'm interested in seeing a Republican elected," Medill apologized.

State inspector Driscoll O. Scanlon, however, had accompanied federal inspectors down into Centralia No. 5 just a week before the explosion. His report, posted in the locker rooms of the stricken mine, pointed out that many of the unsafe conditions prevailing last November still remained. The US Bureau of Mines, which possesses no powers of enforcement, received a list of 52 safety-code violations from its representative on this last inspection. All but three had been reported last November and remained uncorrected. Among the new violations discovered by the US inspector was the forbidden practice of blasting "at the end of the shift with all of the men in the mine."

The dismaying loss of life in company with these provoking findings reverberated somberly through the nation's capital. The Administration, which had only recently hammered home the gravity of government seizure of the mines during its case against John L. Lewis, admitted an embarrassing impotence. Under government "ownership," the miners' welfare fund—a prime issue in last year's 51-day strike—still lacked a full board of administrators. It was not in shape to turn over a nickel to the families of the Centralia victims. Navy Captain Nathan H. Collisson, Federal Coal Administrator, bemoaned the fact that th Government had no real means posing safety measures upon the p owners of the "seized" properties. W ten notice of safety violations had been sent to Centralia; the Coal Mines Administration had lacked adequate personnel to see that the alleged faults were corrected. In reality, the lives of US miners still seemed to be in the hands of the private operators subject to whatever vigilance state authorities chose to exercise.

The 10-month wrangle between Lewis and Interior Secretary J. A. Krug took a heated turn. Lewis bellowed an accusation that Krug had been guilty of "criminal negligence" and demanded that he be "cast out of the high office he holds." The UMW president's surrender to a Supreme Court command to withdraw his April 1 strike notice had been unconditional and humiliating. Wheeling with righteous wrath, Lewis now ordered a new six-day stoppage as a "memorial" to the 111 martyrs of Centralia and "an effective protest against these horrors." He quoted a nearly forgotten clause in the 1941 UMW contract with the operators ("the international union . . . may designate memorial periods") to justify the gesture. The clause, said Lewis, was "carried forward" in the UMW agreement with Secretary Krug for federal operation of the mines. Its invocation, Lewis said, would be a stern reminder:

"The American people must be aroused to the stark realities of the situation and the casualties of the coal industry. Coal is already saturated with the blood of too many brave men and drenched with the tears of too many surviving widows and orphans."

Hocus-Pocus

Taxes

HOUSE Republicans, backed by 40 Democrats, last week passed a bill which they regard as the politically perfect formula for tax relief—one which would appear to take care of the

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Moscow Conference Report

MOSCOW. – The only one of the four Foreign Ministers who is trying to throw his voice beyond the conference room is, as usual, Molotov. He is speaking directly to Germany. The three Western ministers are talking to one another, to Molotov or to their own press. This is especially true of Secretary Marshall, who seems to believe the German problem would be solved forever by a good stiff dose of American democracy. This permits the New York *Times* to call his remarks the most revolutionary heard in Moscow since the early days of the Bolsheviks. Actually they are about as realistic and effective as the US radio broadcasts to the Soviet Union.

Some of the more thoughtful members of the American delegation, particularly those who have come out of Germany for this conference, think Marshall has blundered seriously by his persistence in addressing the American instead of the German public. They feel that the most egregious mistake of the entire meeting was Marshall's proposal that the peace settlement should be made the permanent basis of the new German constitution. His intention may have been good, namely to absolve any particular German government from the responsibility of having to sign the peace treaty. But if the Treaty of Versailles was unpopular in Germany, one can imagine the popularity of unconditional surrender.

Meanwhile, Molotov has been telling the German people the things they want to hear—although not yet all the things. Whatever purposes and cross purposes the occupying powers may have in Germany, there are five basic issues which interest the Germans themselves—(1) economic unity; (2) political unity; (3) reparations; (4) frontiers; and (5) withdrawal of the occupying forces.

Everybody wants economic unity for Germany, but the Russians want it more than anybody else. Moreover, they can charge others with impeding it by the attachment of conditions such as the French insistence on more coal and the Anglo-American suspension of reparations deliveries. Of course there is also a slight Soviet condition involved, the resumption of those same reparations deliveries.

In the matter of political unity, Molotov appears to have completely stolen the thunder of the West. He is for what is essentially a federal form of government while, at the same time, inveighing against the principle of federalization. While the Soviet and Anglo-American blueprints for Germany can alike be called federalist, Marshall was a bit hasty in assuming that the argument was essentially a semantic one.

The Russians also dislike the word federalism because they think it hides the meaning of dismemberment, and the Western powers cannot very well deny that that is part of their concept. At any rate, the Russian plan provides for a much more centralized and cohesive form of government and far less particularism than either the American or British plans. Since there is no reason for believing the Germans want a weaker federal government than the Americans want in Washington, the Soviet scheme has undoubtedly more appeal to the Germans than the others have.

IN his talks to Germany over the heads of his colleagues, Molotov has handled other principal issues with equal skill. Perhaps the greatest liability the Soviet Union has in Germany is the continued presence of the Red Army there. Now Molotov declares that the USSR wants its young men to come back to the farms and factories for more gainful service. Actually the Russians have been gradually withdrawing the occupation units and their forces in Germany are now believed to be no more than 150,000 men—considerably fewer than the American or British forces.

The second principal Soviet liability in Germany is the demand for $10 billion in reparations. The Western powers consider this a staggering sum, although it is admittedly only a fraction of the Russian losses at German hands and much smaller than the fantastic reparations bill handed the Germans after the First World War.

Only the delicate frontier issue remains, and since it has not yet been discussed by the Ministers there is no way of knowing whether the Soviet Union is as irrevocably committed to the Oder-Neisse Line as the Poles believe. But if Molotov continues to beam himself to Germany on this as on other questions, there is no doubt he will continue to have a receptive and appreciative audience.

ALEXANDER KENDRICK

little fellow while providing generous new incentives for "venture capital."

The formula was neat. Its justice was expected to be apparent to 31 million taxpayers who would get more than the promised 20-percent relief. Those with taxable incomes under $1,000 would have 30 percent less withheld from their earnings. For incomes from $1,000 to $1,395 the drop is from 30 to 20 percent. The much heralded 20-percent reduction would apply to the 17.5 million taxpayers whose incomes range from $1,395 to $302,896. Fewer than 9,000 taxpayers in the top brackets would be "soaked." Their relief would taper off to a measly 10.5 percent.

Actually when the formula is brought into focus in terms of income remaining after taxes, Harold Knutson's (R, Minn.) tax bill to help everybody would help the rich much more than the poor. Here is the breakdown for a married man with two dependents:

Net Income	*Tax Reduction*	*Spendable Increase*
$ 2,500	$ 28.50	1.2 percent
5,000	117.80	2.7 "
10,000	372.00	4.6 "
25,000	1,929.00	13.0 "
100,000	12,460.00	33.1 "
304,396	47,500.00	71.0 "

Representative Albert J. Engel (R, Mich.) said this kind of hocus-pocus "would give the little fellow just about enough of a tax relief to buy a carton of cigarettes."

The remarkable tax device would also lop $3.8 billion from the federal receipts for 1947. Speaker Joseph Martin (R, Mass) had assured the nation that "these tax cuts are entirely practical while at the same time payments are made on the debt."

The bill now goes to the Senate, where there is less enthusiasm for it, even among Republicans. Senator Taft (R, Ohio) says the provision making reductions retroactive to January 1 should be dropped. The Senate, more budget-conscious than the House, may even knock out other provisions. But should the bill be approved in anywhere near its present form, it may incur a veto from President Truman, echoing President Roosevelt's famous dictum that the 1944 tax bill was "relief not for the needy, but for the greedy."

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Small Bait

Business

BIG firms have swallowed more than 1,800 smaller businesses since 1940, and most of them in the last three years. At the same time, the government turned over to the giant corporations some of the biggest and best war plants.

The jarring facts about mergers, together with a warning that they are stifling competition and wiping out the small-business backbone of the American economic system, has been laid before Congress recently in a special report from the Federal Trade Commission. The FTC told Congress:

¶ The 1,800 smaller firms which were taken over in mergers by larger corporations had assets of $4.1 billion, or nearly five percent of the total assets of all manufacturing corporations in 1943.

¶ More mergers are coming. The country's 62 largest corporations came out of the war with $8.4 billion of net working capital, much of it in liquid form and readily available for buying up competitors and other firms.

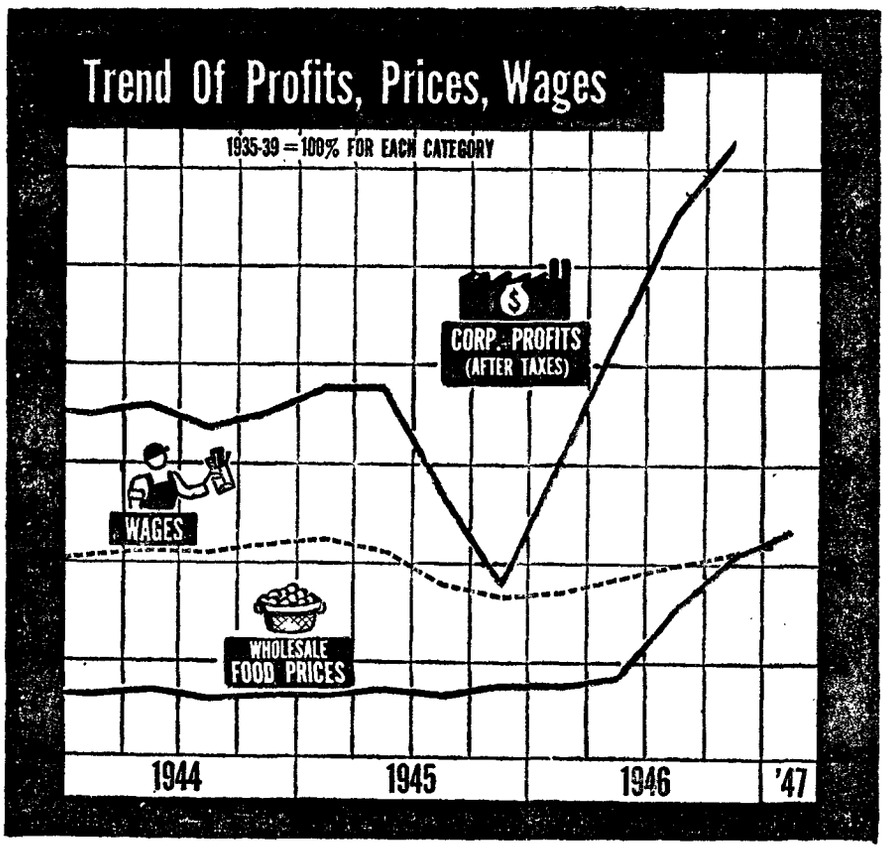
¶ Nearly one-third of the companies merged were absorbed by the largest corporations—those with assets of more than $50 million. Three-fourths of the buys were made by corporations worth more than $5 million. The mergers did not represent any getting together of little fellows.

A special study made for Senator James E. Murray (D, Mont.), former chairman of the Senate Small Business Committee, spelled out how the government's disposal of surplus property also had furthered the growth of monopoly. Although the report was not made public, it scathingly criticized the War Assets Administration and Attorney General Clark.

By turning the huge government-built steel plant at Geneva, Utah, over to the US Steel Corporation, Murray charged, Clark handed it to "the leading practitioner of monopoly in America." Murray pointed out that Clark made the sale despite a report from his own Justice Department's Anti-Trust Division, saying that it would stifle competition in the young Western steel industry and place it in the toils of the Eastern giants. The report said that the WAA disposed of many other government-owned war plants in such a way as to increase industrial concentration.

About 60 percent of the mergers described by the FTC were "horizontal." Many of them were put through to "eliminate troublesome competitors producing a similar line of goods." As an example, the FTC cited the Celanese Corporation of America, third largest producer of synthetic fibers, which in February, 1946, bought up the Tubese Rayon Corporation, the eighth largest synthetic-fiber producer.

Some firms reached "backward" to acquire important supplies. Example: Safeway Stores, Inc., second largest grocery chain in the US, not only absorbed other grocery chains, but bought 12 independent meat packers, a gelatin-dessert company, a biscuit and cracker factory, a butter plant and a cheese-processing company. In some cases this shut off short supplies from other businesses. Some firms reached "forward" to take over important customers. Example: The International Paper Com-



The steady climb in prices since the OPA was knocked over last June was documented last week in an official report of the Department of Commerce. Over-all wholesale prices were up 25 percent; consumer goods 15 percent. In two earlier periods of war-stimulated rise, 1860-65 and 1916-20, the largest advance for any six-month period was 10 percent.

At the same time the CIO Economic Outlook *published figures showing that 1946 was a year of unsurpassed corporate profits. Most firms, the CIO said, had a return on their investment eight to ten times greater in 1946 than in profitable prewar years.*

The chart above gives another indication of what this means to the wage earner. The wage line is based on BLS figures on average weekly earnings of all workers in manufacturing industries. The food line is also based on BLS indexes. The corporate-profits curve is based on Department of Commerce figures, and the current annual rate of $14.9 billion.

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pany, biggest in the world, bought out its largest customer for kraft board.

In another group, large firms bought up smaller ones in totally unrelated lines. Example: The Maytag Washing Machine Company absorbed a producer of chicken brooders. Such mergers, said the FTC, permit a corporation which is threatened with competition in one of its enterprises to sell below costs and absorb its losses through excessive profits made in other lines, all "in the name of competition."

One of the striking facts in the current wave of mergers, the FTC pointed out to Congress, is the inroad it is making into such traditional small-business fields as food, non-electrical machinery, textiles and apparel. There were fewer mergers in the highly concentrated industries, largely because few small industries still were available for purchase.

The FTC has watched the new sweep of mergers with dismay, but helplessly. Under Section 7 of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act, the commission could halt a company from acquiring the stock of another, if the purchase would lessen competition or create a monopoly, but it could do nothing if the company made an outright purchase of the assets of the competitor it was swallowing (see page 11). The FTC hoped Congress would end this "complete frustration."

"Important Thing"

Radio

For two years William L. Shirer regularly reported the news over a nationwide CBS hookup from 5:45 to 6 p.m. each Sunday. His Hooper audience rating was among the best for news commentators. His sponsor, the J. B. Williams Company, soap manufacturers, could boast a good buy in his five million listeners.

As national issues became more sharply drawn, Shirer continued to tell the news as he saw it. The OPA was killed and Shirer reported that prices rose fast and steadily. He identified the hidden forces fighting David E. Lilienthal's confirmation as head of the Atomic Energy Commission. He dwelt on the character of governments supported by US foreign policy in China and Greece, and sometimes quoted newspaper dispatches which divulged facts uncomplimentary to those governments. He drew on his experiences in Berlin just before the war for critical comment on the proposals to suppress the Communist Party and Truman's executive order to investigate the loyalty of government employees.

Suddenly, a fortnight ago, Shirer announced that his sponsor and CBS had decided to drop him. An exchange of charge and counter-charge began. CBS said it was quite usual for sponsors to "jump around," that Shirer could have another spot, that it didn't have to explain an editorial reassignment. Shirer said he could get no reason from the sponsor or CBS and charged flatly that he was being gagged for his liberal views. This week, after his final broadcast, he resigned from CBS. Said he: "The important thing is the fact that a soap company can decide who cannot be heard on the air."

The youthful radio industry was touchy about this kind of talk. In January, after several liberal commentators had been taken off the air, the New York *Times* scowled at broadcasting companies for allowing advertisers to control news programs. CBS vice-president Edward R. Murrow was given space to reply that news broadcasters, at least at CBS, were all members of the staff and "under no circumstances will we sell time for news and permit the sponsors to select a broadcaster who is not wholly acceptable to us."

To Jack Gould, the *Times's* radio editor, this seemed to duck the issue. "Specifically, a sponsor of news or news analysis on CBS does have the right to pick and choose among the analysts and newscasters on the staff of CBS. This would seem almost the same as if an advertiser were permitted to say which member of a newspaper's staff should or should not be responsible for an editorial assignment," he wrote. Gould's recommendation: "Divorce news and opinion from advertising entirely."

From another quarter US radio last week heard a comment which put the Shirer incident into a larger setting. A Commission on Freedom of the Press (13 historians, economists and lawyers headed by Robert M. Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago) had spent three years and $215,000 analyzing the US public's sources of information. Their verdict on radio: "Radio cannot become a responsible agency of communication as long as its programming is controlled by the advertisers. . . . The public should not be forced to continue to take its radio fare from the manufacturers of soap, cosmetics, cigarettes, soft drinks and packaged foods."

Molasses

Congress

Barring a sudden upheaval, David E. Lilienthal still had the votes as the Senate inched along this week toward a final decision on his appointment to be chairman of the US Atomic Energy Commission. That being the situation, it was exactly a "sudden upheaval" that Lilienthal's foes were trying to bring about as the debate entered the last round.

Ohio's silver-haired John W. Bricker (R) made his stand against Lilienthal the subject of his first major address in the Senate. He finished with a motion to recommit the nomination of Lilienthal and other commission members to the Senate Atomic Committee, with instructions that they be investigated by the FBI. The Senate would have to dispose of Bricker's motion before finally voting on the nominations. That would take a little more time.

In a surprise move, five Senators—three of them Republican first-termers—tossed in a bill to revamp the US atomic-control setup completely. The present commission would be abolished. In its place would be established an Atomic Energy Control Board, headed by the Secretary of State, who happens, at present, to be a five-star general of the Army. Other members would be the Secretaries of War and Navy and two outsiders appointed by the President with the Senate's consent.

From the start of the hearings 10 weeks ago, some opponents had been trying to block Lilienthal as a means of attacking the principle of civilian atomic-energy control—firmly written into the 1946 McMahon-Douglas Act. Now the Senate might have a chance to meet that issue head-on in the open.

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Washington Wire

Economic Nonsense

WE KNOW a man in Washington who sits in a big room whose walls are covered with charts. These charts tell the economic position of the nation. Only an expert can appreciate how fascinating these charts are. Some of them are doing the queerest things. Here a jagged line is running off the paper; here a peak is appearing contrary to a seasonal trend; here the wiggles of a dotted line write the utter bewilderment of Wall Street's speculators. The sum of all these charts together adds up to one thing: Danger Ahead.

Let's look at the record.

Mass purchasing power: It's going down. Individual 1946 savings were less than half of those the year before, the SEC reports. Half a dozen other tables show this.

Prices: Still rising, believe it or not—still rising. It took $1.56 in February to buy what $1 bought in 1939. Wholesale prices are now up to about where they were after World War I, before the crash.

Production and Inventories: These keep right on piling up. ("But," you ask, "how is this possible? When 'production' and 'inventories' go up, it means more goods—yet the public's ability to buy these goods is declining. How then, in the name of goodness, can prices continue to rise?" The man at the charts doesn't answer. He just points at them. There the dotted lines are.)

Strikes: Outside of coal, there hasn't been a big strike for six months. Rarely has less time been lost from walkouts. Labor is showing admirable restraint and statesmanship. Can this last, with prices going up?

Profits: Never in history were profits higher than last year—the year when every corporate official and conservative columnist prophesied ruin because of strikes. After taxes, corporate profits were $12 billion, compared to the 1943 wartime peak of only $9.9 billion. So far this year they are running at a rate of $14 to $15 billion. (That should mean price reductions. But prices are going up.)

Legislation: What is Congress doing to meet this situation? It is cutting sugar controls, which may mean higher prices around canning time; it is shifting rent control to the states, which means an upward seepage of living costs; the House has just passed a tax bill to aid the dividend-drawing upper brackets; and, finally, bills "to put labor in its place" are waiting approval.

Summary: The foregoing doesn't make sense. This is economic nonsense. This situation can't last.

A FIVE-TO-FOUR decision of the Supreme Court in 1926 (Taft, Brandeis, Holmes, Stone dissenting) punched a hole in the Clayton Anti-Trust Act. Congress had said that a trust couldn't absorb a competitor by buying its corporate assets. The Court said, in effect, that that didn't mean a trust couldn't do the same thing by buying physical assets. That paradox holds today. For example, the Consolidated Grocers' Corporation of Chicago has just become the largest wholesale grocer in America by gobbling up three competing corporations. The government brought suit, charging that this was illegal. But it had to drop the suit when the big corporation gave up possession of capital stock and instead took all physical assets from its erstwhile competitors. It has achieved the same result in a different way.

Every year since 1927 the Federal Trade Commission has unanimously asked Congress to plug the hole punched by the High Court. Now there is a new effort by Senator O'Mahoney (D, Wyo.) and Representative Kefauver (D, Tenn.) to do this. We have no great hope. But it's worth noting that as the process of American corporate giantism goes on, the corresponding growth of federal controls and of industrywide unions is inevitable. Like it or not, Big Business means Big Unions and Big Government.

SOCIAL NOTE.—Thomas Edmund Dewey, 45, Governor of one of our larger states and possible next President, is looking for a good platform from which to make a speech on foreign affairs. Would somebody please come through with an invitation? Speech must be made under correct auspices that are neither too far Right nor Left. Said young man commands a large audience; is a good (though somewhat wooden) speaker and has had platform experience. Friends and advisers tell him that it is about time he declared himself on foreign affairs, and y. m. agrees. Guarantee goes with speech that it will be put together by the best minds. Please address all invitations, Executive Mansion, Albany, New York.

ONE of the sweetest compliments ever paid was given this week to Senator Taft (R, Ohio) by Joseph H. Deckman of the National Home and Property Owners' Foundation. He called Taft a "Socialist" and declared the Wagner-Ellender-Taft housing bill "an experiment in state socialism." The word of Taft's radicalism is seeping out. Herbert U. Nelson, spokesman for the National Association of Real Estate Boards, one of our biggest lobbies, regards Taft as a Commie or at least a fellow traveler. Of course Taft blushingly protests that these kind words aren't deserved. And, indeed, they aren't. The pending bill is a mild affair, though perhaps too strong for the present House. But otherwise the housing outlook is almost hopeless. Wilson Wyatt has been thrown out. Even builders agree that prices are out of hand. The Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill would help matters if the House would pass it.

Washington T. R. B.

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Henry Wallace

The State Department's Case

ON MARCH 12 the President of the United States told Congress of his discovery that the people of Greece were hungry and needed our help. The desperate need of the Greeks is no news to the American people. But that portion of the President's message which asked Congress immediately to appropriate funds to strengthen the armies of Greece and Turkey created confusion and consternation everywhere. The tone of the President's message was one designed to convey a sense of heavy crisis and extreme urgency.

There were references to the grave danger threatening Greece and Turkey; there were solemn reminders that "the peoples of a number of countries of the world have recently had totalitarian regimes forced upon them against their will"; there was vague mention of "armed minorities," and the President spoke of the imminent threat of "confusion and disorder" spreading through the entire Middle East. Finally, there was a stern warning that "unless we are willing to help free peoples to maintain their free institutions and their national integrity against aggressive movements . . ." it would "undermine the foundations of international peace and hence the security of the United States."

All together it was an extraordinary message: extraordinary in what it said; even more extraordinary in what it did not say. For in its more than 2,000 words there was scarcely a paragraph of fact or evidence. All was a mixture of unsupported assertions, sermonizing and exhortation. It was evident that in the name of crisis facts had been withheld, time had been denied and a feeling of panic had been engendered.

Congress sat through delivery of the message in almost stunned silence. Afterwards, when men began to reflect on the President's demands, a measure of common sense asserted itself and there were widespread requests for proof, for facts to back up Truman's decision. Congressional leaders whom the President had invited to the White House for secret conferences by way of preparation for the message to come, sympathetic though they were to his doctrine, recognized the necessity of giving the rank and file of their colleagues something solid to backstop the rhetoric.

When hearings on the appropriation request opened before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, the State Department was on hand to distribute to each member a fat "Black Book" supposedly packed with the real facts supporting Truman's case. Parts of the book were stamped "secret," and the State Department warned of the dangers in revealing their contents to any but a select few.

Several members of the Foreign Affairs Committee refused to participate in this strange business. They announced they would not commit the country to so fateful a step in foreign policy unless the relevant facts were made known to the American people. Acting Secretary of State Acheson thereupon agreed to take off the secret label.

NOW that the facts have been revealed, I well understand why they were kept secret. They offer no evidence in support of Truman's position that could be taken seriously in any court of law. They do not substantiate his argument; they merely restate it.

Let me give some illustrations.

One State Department document headlined in the press refers to a "Master Plan" to separate Macedonia from Greece. Even a tyro in the art of propaganda analysis would be caught up short by the term "Master Plan," which came into common usage in describing the German blueprint for world domination. Having produced a mouth-filling phrase designed to make Americans tremble, the author of the document then completely fails to offer evidence justifying his sensational charge.

The document refers to the "increasing effrontery of Greece's northern neighbors and of EAM" as an "indication of belief that Greece is a 'ripe plum ready to fall into their hands' within a few weeks through lack of support by the Western democracies." This assertion is also made without substantial evidence.

The Department, which apparently does not read the American press, is profoundly shocked at the unneutrality of the Communist press. The document deplores the "vilification and distortion" by the Russian press of the Greek government, its motives and policies. Clearly, Secretary Marshall's stinging comments on the motives and policies of that same government cannot be so readily dismissed. I suspect, however, that the Administration would prefer to have Marshall's criticisms quietly for-

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gotten. They were uttered, after all, nearly four weeks before the "crisis" arose.

The direct accusations against the Soviet Union are grave indeed. "Soviet policy," says one document, "has taken the form of strong verbal attacks." On second reading this must have seemed insufficient evidence of dangerous Communist aggression. "Verbal attacks" are therefore strengthened by adding "coupled with some positive acts." Among these are listed such offenses as support for Bulgaria and Albania in their disputes with Greece, but what is meant by the word "support" is nowhere explained in terms which justify the ominous overtones attached to it.

"There is no indication," says this document, "that the Soviet Union will change its attitude of hostility toward the present Greek government." In case the point is not plain, the next sentence is a pungent paraphrase: "The USSR may be expected to continue its verbal hostility to the present Greek government. . . . " There is a similar astonishingly inadequate statement about Turkey. After observing that the Moscow press and radio are consistently unkind to the Turkish government, the State Department author gets to the heart of Turkey's plight by remarking that she can "do little to combat this war of nerves."

In one important case, there is a flat contradiction between two State Department documents. It is the view of the American government, says one, "that Turkey's neutrality during World War II was in fact beneficial to the United Nations and that our interest would probably not have been better served by Turkey's entry into the war at an earlier date." But the official State Department announcement, *dated March 24, 1947,* reciting the conclusions reached at the Teheran Conference, December 1, 1943, states it was *"agreed that, from the military point of view, it was most desirable that Turkey should come into the war on the side of the Allies before the end of the year."* (Italics mine. – H. W.)

THE hollowness of the State Department's case makes it difficult for even a jingo patriot to defend. Nowhere is there a showing, in the famous words of Mr. Justice Holmes, of a "'clear and present danger" on which men should act. There is ample evidence, however, of panic.

There is also evidence, abundant and repeated, of inconsistencies in the Administration's stand. On December 8, 1946, for example, Acting Secretary of State Dean Acheson, in a radio broadcast from Washington, stated that the US would give no "free relief" after the end of UNRRA to nations which cannot prove their need or which maintain large armies and divert "manpower and facilities away from the production of the necessities of life." This clearly rules out Turkey.

Perhaps the most incongruous and hypocritical aspect of this tragi-comedy of confusion is the attempt to pretend belatedly that the Truman policy is not an almost fatal blow to the United Nations. Thus Senator Austin, speaking as American delegate in the Security Council, said that "the United States regards it as an obligation under the Charter, as well as a matter of elementary self-interest, for every member of the United Nations to do its utmost to bring about the peaceful adjustment of any international situation *before* it becomes a threat to the peace." (His italics. – H. W.) The logic of this hardly needs comment. Even more grotesque is the announced intention of Senate leaders to add a preamble to the Greek-Turkish appropriation bill stating flatly that the UN is not being ignored. This is roughly the equivalent of a preamble to a prohibition amendment stating there is no intention to interfere with the consumption of liquor.

THE passage of time since the President enunciated his global Monroe Doctrine has made it neither more palatable nor more plausible. Of course the welfare of all peoples is our concern. Famine anywhere endangers plenty everywhere. Action to help the world must help America. But not the ill advised and unilateral action the President proposes.

There is but one hope for the hungry, one hope for reconstruction, one hope for peace—the United Nations.

The UN must undertake a new program for the relief of all peace-loving peoples whose lands have been devastated by war and who are today in need. American funds must be made available for this purpose. I believe the United Nations should establish regional commissions for the reconstruction of Europe, the Near East and other areas as part of a coördinatel, over-all economic plan. Funds for reconstruction should be made available by the International Bank.

I urge that the United Nations face the problem of security not piecemeal but on a worldwide basis. This means world disarmament and world control of atomic energy. Inevitably, it means the internationalization of the Dardanelles, the Suez and Panama Canals. Above all, it means real assurance against aggression, together with adequate provision for peaceful change.

Let us do for the United Nations what needs to be done to carry out these tasks.

If the United Nations is untested, let us test it.

If the United Nations lacks support, let us support it.

If the United Nations is weak, let us strengthen it.

No one pretends that the United Nations will meet all needs and solve all problems overnight.

Patience and toil will not give us the millennium. But they will help to make a more decent world than we have ever known.

H. W.

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Portrait of the Magic Valley

by Hart Stilwell

The Rio Grande delta boasts of its lush crops, fruits and profits; it prefers not to talk of the "wetbacks" who make them possible

IN keeping with its iron determination to be first in everything, the fantastic little section of the country known as the Lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas has jumped the gun by several years and is now giving the nation a preview of what may be expected when full production is once more achieved.

For the Valley, coupled with Florida and California, has too much grapefruit. Of course, people in the Valley deny that. They say distribution isn't working properly and insist that even now demand is picking up. But conditions are unsettled, since consumers are abandoning grapefruit juice temporarily for their first real glut of pineapple juice in years.

However, if a drop in price to the grower from $40 or $50 a ton to $10 a ton for his grapefruit doesn't indicate something generally called full production, or possibly overproduction, then some different definitions of certain economic terms are in order.

Anyone who thinks that the sudden collapse of its major industry will permanently upset the dizzying course of development of the Magic Valley suffers from ignorance. The Valley has thrived on abnormality. It has managed to telescope the entire panorama of American economic history into the span of the 43 years since the railroad reached Brownsville in 1904. It has got rich and gone broke about as many times in those 43 years as the rest of the nation has in all its history. Its periods of ups and downs make the familiar 10-year span look old-fashioned, and there is this additional feature—the ups are a lot higher and the downs a lot lower.

The Lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas is the name applied to a 50-mile-wide strip of delta land starting on the Gulf of Mexico and extending along the north bank of the Rio Grande for 100 miles. For centuries, before man began his battle with the river in 1904, the lazy Rio Grande periodically over-

Hart Stilwell is a third-generation Texan and free-lance writer whose articles have appeared in Collier's, Field and Stream, Cosmopolitan *and* Esquire. *His first novel,* Border City, *was published in 1945; his second,* The Uncovered Wagon, *is scheduled for publication by Doubleday in September.*

TWO CITIZENS OF TEXAS

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flowed much of the land, and the silt which the river brought down was deposited to build up the delta soil that Valley people swear is richer than the soil of the Nile Valley.

The country is on the border line of the semitropics, and the flora and fauna of the two zones meet there. It marks the northern limit of the papaya, the guava, the mango, the whitewinged dove, the green jay. And farther south the robin redbreast does not go.

Tropical lushness

A VISITOR from the North driving into this Valley in the dead of winter would have the illusion of moving into a modern version of the Garden of Eden. As he drove along the Valley's "Main Street," a 65-mile highway, he would see stately palms and green citrus-fruit trees laden with golden and orange fruit; bougainvillea vines in full bloom; bright green papaya plants, nearly symmetrical with their huge green or yellow melon-shaped fruit clinging to the single stalk; and, off in the distance, the majestic, creamy white bloom of the yucca.

And when he came to level, rich fields he would see bronze-skinned people by the thousands harvesting vegetables—red beets with their green tops, white and purple turnips with their green tops, golden carrots with their green tops—everything green. He might see other laborers harvesting cabbage, broccoli, endive, peppers, beans, tomatoes, new potatoes, peas, anise, cauliflower or squash—the list is endless, and what the visitor found would depend in part on the time he visited the Valley. But at any time during the winter he would find the harvest in full swing, for the Valley produces about as much tonnage of winter vegetables as citrus fruit.

The visitor would soon be puzzled as to the size of Valley farms. He would notice many farms so small as actually to amuse a man who considered himself a dirt farmer—some five acres, many 10 acres, and the majority under 40 acres. Then the visitor would run smack into one of the largest winter-vegetable farms in the country, and he would eventually find himself looking at one of the largest citrus orchards in the nation.

Then if the visitor hunted for statistics, to see what is behind this surface of beauty, he would find that the Valley's population is more than 250,000, about half of which is made up of Texas Mexicans, and that it derives a gross annual income of more than $100 million from its 500,000 acres of cultivated land, most of which is irrigated.

It all started back in 1904 when the St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexico Railway reached Brownsville. Prior to that, the only way to reach Brownsville overland was by stagecoach. In those days Brownsville was a sleepy little trading post that lived largely on its memories of boom times during the Civil War and the eighties before a railroad extended across the Rio Grande at Laredo and killed it as a major port for Mexico.

Colonel Sam Robertson—he did it

THESE memories did not disturb the tranquillity of some 20,000 people who lived in the area, and perhaps the best description of Brownsville of 1904 was that given by the late Colonel Sam A. Robertson, the man who built the railroad into the Valley, helped to develop the land, then came to the conclusion, years later, that he had made a tragic mistake.

"Everybody in Brownsville in those days had time to stop and talk to you on the street," Colonel Sam said. "People didn't wear shoes, but what the hell? It was warm, anyway. You could buy a yard of beefsteak for a nickel, and they'd throw in a sack of corn as a *pilon*. People slept in the daytime, when it was hot, and had a good time at night, when it was cool. Then I came along and helped ruin all that."

First the Valley got rich, in a limited way, on rice. Rice, like almost anything else planted in this delta country, grows and produces in a truly startling manner. A minor wave of immigration started. Then the Valley went broke on rice and the rice mills stood abandoned and thousands of acres of land lay ruined as monuments to a dead industry—ruined by the huge quantity of water poured on them by the Rio Grande.

Then the Valley started getting rich on sugar cane, and costly sugar mills

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YOUNG MEXICANS MOVE NORTH

dotted the area from Brownsville west to Mission. Yields and profits were amazing and a flood of people came from the North to buy farms and grow sugar cane. It wasn't long until the sugar mills stood abandoned, monuments to the efficiency of the sugar-cane borer.

Then came winter vegetables in a big way, and the fairy stories were actually true. Some farmers made as much as $1,000 and even $1,500 an acre on tomatoes and beans, and as much as $700 or $800 an acre on cabbage. As word spread that gold grew up out of the ground in the fabulous country, eliminating the nuisance of mining it, still another flood of homeseekers swarmed in.

But the $1,500-an-acre years were rare, while floods of the Rio Grande and frosts and insects and other handicaps were not. There were periods of boom and bust, at times collectively, at times individually.

Citrus fruit was slow in starting, but by 1920 it had a firm grip on the Valley and soon it got a firmer grip on the imagination of people in the nation. The mightiest migration of homeseekers —a migration resembling the Gold Rush to California—started.

Valley people still repeat the legends of the great days of the late twenties when the homeseekers ("homesuckers," the Valley called them) were brought down by the thousands by salesmen and promoters. Special Pullmans transported newcomers down from Ohio, Illinois and Nebraska; fleet convoys of Cadillacs, Packards and Lincolns whirled them about the Valley; and the salesmen wined, dined and insulated them from native contacts till they had been persuaded to leave their checks and cash behind while they returned North to wind up their affairs and pack their families' belongings.

The boom came to an end when the depression hit the nation, but the Valley—a land apart—rocked along almost untouched until 1933. Then its banks started closing and by 1936 it was completely and somewhat shamefully bankrupt, whereupon it called on Uncle Sam to step in and act as its referee in bankruptcy. Its citrus trees were considered so worthless some people cut them down for firewood. Few thought citrus would ever make money again.

In 1928 the largest of the 20-odd

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banks in the Valley had more money on deposit than all of them were to have in 1936; yet by 1945 the Valley was wallowing in wealth once more.

The development in the Valley has followed no plan, hence it has been enormously expensive, wasteful and at times shot through with graft. A group of men would get together and form a land company, buy from 6,000 to 60,000 acres of land, build a pumping plant on the river, run canals to the land, then start selling the land. When they had sold it, all the landowners would form an irrigation district, vote bonds and buy the irrigation system.

In a short time the farmers would discover they also had to have a drainage system, so they would form a drainage district and vote bonds. Meanwhile they were voting bonds for schools, highways, courthouses, flood-control systems, seaports and airports. The result was that a landowner might find himself paying taxes to four or possibly five different taxing agencies.

Then when the depression finally reached the Valley, four years after it hit the rest of the country, nobody could pay taxes and Uncle Sam stepped in, by request, and refunded the area.

Uncle Sam helps out

IT was not the first time the Valley had called on Uncle Sam. And it will not be the last. The US has spent a huge sum of money in this Valley, most of it in helping the people in their constant battle with the Rio Grande. The federal government took over the worthless flood-control system the Valley had built, and has spent probably $30 million on it and is still spending. Valley farms and orchards have been saved from overflow. Uncle Sam poured out millions for seaports at Brownsville and Port Isabel, millions for airports, and for battling the fruit fly, millions on crop loans and other projects.

But now Uncle Sam is getting set for the really big layout. For he must save the Valley from completely drying up. Mexico has built dams on the tributaries to the Rio Grande and the water supply each spring gets progressively smaller and disaster threatens the entire area.

So the federal government is preparing to spend $70 million on a huge gravity-irrigation system, and a still larger amount on a series of storage dams in the Rio Grande River. All this will not only guarantee the Valley's water supply, but will make possible a 50-percent increase in the irrigated area of the Valley. And already Valley promoters are beginning to eye people up in Illinois and Ohio and Nebraska, getting ready for the next land boom.

The "wetbacks"

FOR forty years the Valley has poured forth its lush tropical bounty to enrich and perplex its masters. But beneath the rambling superstructure of fantastic profits and spreading orchards, the wealth of the valley rests on a base of toiling, brown-skinned Mexican laborers. The $2 a day the Mexican receives now buys him less than the $1 a day he received 30 years ago; and he lives now, as he lived then, on the verge of actual starvation.

The Valley needs its Mexicans and needs them badly; its whole economy rests on a supply of continuing cheap labor. Periodically, the Valley welcomes and rejects the tide of migration that legally and illegally pours across the frontier. From 1904 on, the Valley took all comers. In 1936 and 1937 the Valley reversed itself and uprooted thousands of them by mass deportations in scenes so tragic as to be almost unparalleled in the history of our country.

Forty thousand illegally entered Mexicans called "wetbacks" live in the Valley today. They are the farm labor. They harvest that $100 million worth of fruit and vegetables. During the war the Valley convinced Washington that "wetback" labor was absolutely essential, and on the farms the wetback lived in comparative safety. They lived like hunted animals under trees, in sheds, in any place that could hide them. They dared not come out onto a highway, or go into town, or show themselves in public places, for they were entirely beyond the pale of the law. When they were sick they dared not call a doctor.

This month, by agreement with Mexico, the United States Government legalized the residence of the present 40,000 wetbacks. This legalization marked the second phase of a familiar cycle. They entered illegally, and their residence was legalized because their employers needed cheap labor; they will become citizens, moving on to the cities to be replaced on the farm by a new flood of wetbacks from across the border.

In the towns the Mexicans and Americans live apart, so that each Valley town is really two towns, having two business districts and two residential districts. In Brownsville the two business districts are parallel streets, a block apart. In most other towns a railway track separates the two districts.

The struggle of the Mexicans in the towns for social and economic equality has been stubborn; but it has been defeated over and over again by new tides from Mexico. Young Mexicans move off the farm into the city. They work for less than the standard rate of $8 a week for domestic servants and $16 for clerks and mechanics' assistants. The young Mexicans in the towns move north.

Forgotten men

THE masters of the Valley rarely stop in their mad career of doubtful glory to consider the wetbacks who make their land fruitful. Their standard answer to the problem is, "They're better off here than they would be in Mexico or they wouldn't stay. Let them go back if they don't like it."

The masters of the Valley grow eloquent over the proud statistics of wetback production—of produce per acre, of thousands of tons of citrus rolling golden from the orchards, of endless boxcars carrying winter vegetables to northern markets. They ignore other equally startling wetback contributions to Valley statistics—the shocking figures on illiteracy, infant mortality, homicide, tuberculosis and venereal disease.

Since 1904 a highly significant proportion of the million Mexican immigrants to Texas have funneled through the Valley. The Valley is a training school for citizens—a training school calculated thoroughly to test the mettle of any prospective citizen. It would be logical of course to expect the Valley to pay particular attention to its most important product—new Americans. But it would be a little unreasonable to expect logic from this fantastic garden spot in whose history logic has been bandied about with utter contempt.

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"I'm Just an Ordinary Fellow"

by Eugene Rachlis

But Representative John Taber is the all-powerful axe-man who chops federal appropriations to the bone

THRIFT and shrewdness, the simple virtues practised in the David Harum region of western New York's 38th Congressional District, have been brought to national attention for the past 24 years by the resounding bass timbre of John Taber's voice. With the ascendancy of the Republicans in the 80th Congress, that voice now echoes through the House chamber with a newfound authority befitting the chairman of the House Appropriations Committee. For the next two years at least, the congressional fate of nearly every federal function that costs money will be revealed in Taber's orotund pronouncements.

Taber's booming voice emanates from a man of impressive size, who 47 years ago tried unsuccessfully to make Yale's varsity backfield. In Congress, where inability to buck a line or throw a block is not considered a handicap, Taber has this year finally made the varsity. His rise to the first team has been as unspectacular as a David Harum horse-trading session.

Taber's prominence today is the result of a remarkable vote-getting talent which has prompted his neighbors to send him to Congress for 13 consecutive terms despite the fact that his name has appeared on no important or significant legislation in all that time. His life's work in Congress has been directed simply at trying to cut down all kinds of appropriations. Unlike his fellow Republican, Robert Rich of Pennsylvania, who at one time took the floor almost daily to inquire of the then Democratic majority, "Where we goin' to get the money?" Taber states that there is no more money to get. He backs up his convictions vociferously, and with statistics. His present immediate goal is the removal of an even million people from the federal payroll. Since the total number of civilians employed by the US throughout the world is now approximately 2.25 million, it is easy to see what Taber's proposed slash in personnel might do to the operation of the government.

Outside of stumping for economy, Taber shows little interest in legislation. But he is always around. His record in Congress last year stands out for party regularity and attendance. He voted with the majority of his Republican colleagues 95 percent of the time and was absent only once out of 130 roll-call votes.

Judged by the theory that a good Representative should reflect the attitudes of the people who elect him, Taber is one of the best. New York's 38th District comprises six counties, predominantly farmland rich in corn, alfalfa, apples, pears and peaches. The population identifies Republicanism with public and private virtues. A third of the people actually live on farms; most of the rest live in small communities. After the GOP, the Farm Bureau Federation and the National Grange are the major organizational interests of the people. Organized labor is not important politically in the district.

The largest city in the area is Taber's home town, Auburn, with a population of 35,000. He was born there in 1880, one of four children. His brother, Silas, is secretary-treasurer of the Whitney Point Water Company, Whitney Point, New York, a family enterprise. Most of the stock was originally owned by Taber's father and he himself once took an active interest in it. One sister lives in Long Island. Another is parish secretary of St. Peter's Episcopal Church in Auburn.

After graduation from Yale and from law school, Taber went back to Auburn to join his father's law firm. In 1918 he opened his own law office and in 1926 he and a townsman, Sherman Parker, formed a law partnership which is still in business.

There is no evidence to indicate that Taber was ever more than an everyday small-town lawyer. But his practice was sufficient to boost him into politics. He started humbly enough as a member of the Cayuga County Committee and, two years later, became supervisor of the Second Ward of Auburn, a part-time job paying $200 a year. Even in those days, shortly after the start of the century, Taber spoke up for economy. The records show that he did not talk much, which may indicate that his views were shared by the Board of Supervisors. When Taber did speak, local historians report, he brought with him sheafs of statistics to substantiate his arguments.

"The Democrats did better"

HAVING won the support of the local GOP on this comparatively humble testing ground, Taber became, at 31, a special county judge earning a salary of $300 a year. Chuckling, he tells friends that "the politicians forced it on me—they wanted to keep some other man from getting the job." From there on he climbed, and today Taber's practically permanent position in Congress has given him a sort of elder-statesman status in his community. On his visits home, old friends seek his

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Eugene Rachlis, for five years a member of the Chicago Sun's *Washington bureau, is now a staff writer on the new businessmen's monthly,* Kiplinger Magazine.

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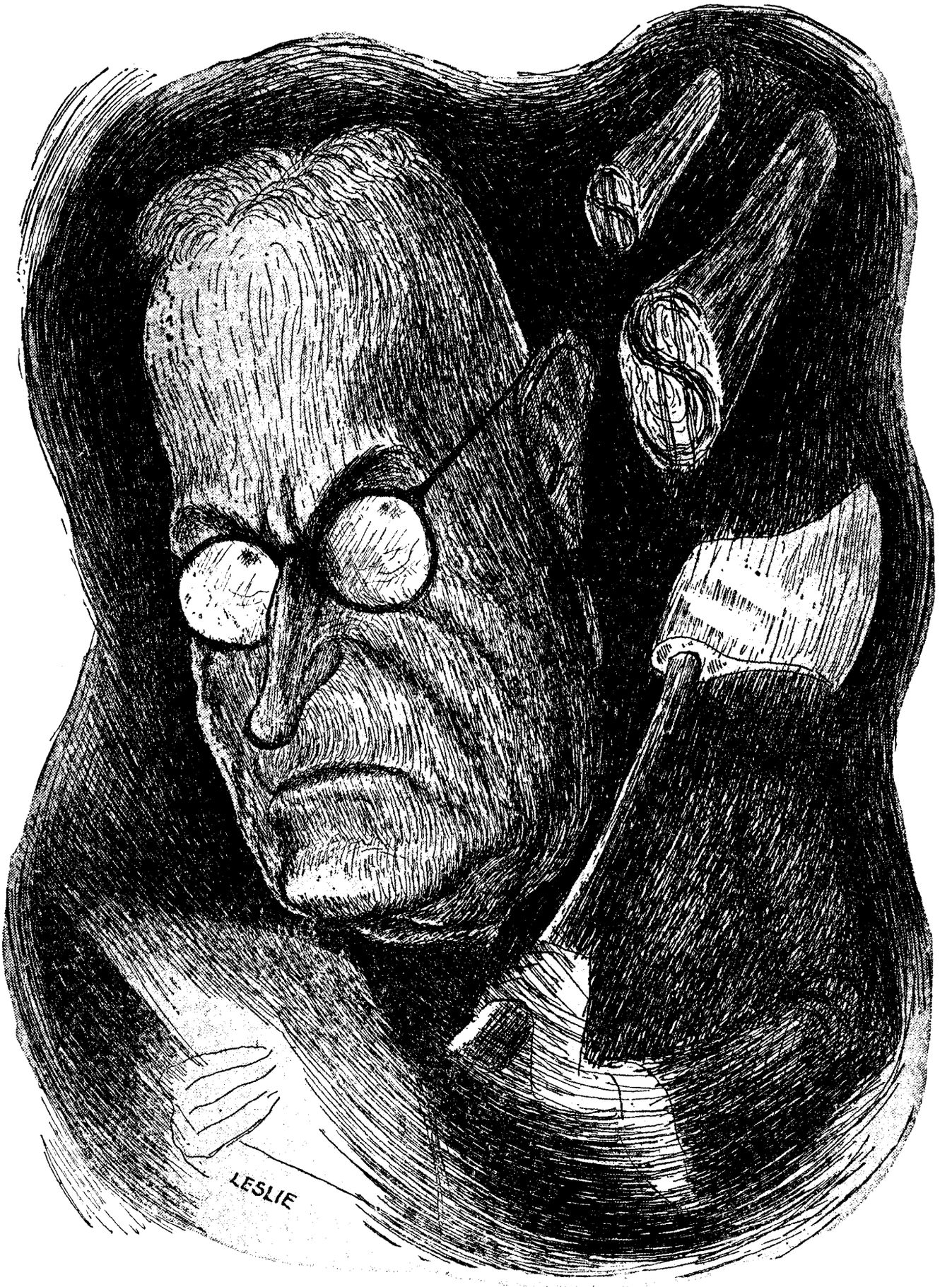

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advice on political, business or legal problems. Occasionally, he and his pretty wife, the former Gertrude Beard, whom he married in 1929, will join close friends in a rubber of bridge. Taber is a joiner—he holds membership in the Masons, Odd Fellows, Elks, Kiwanis, the Yale Club, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Owasco Country Club and the Owasco Yacht Club.

Motor boating is one of the few indulgences Taber permits himself. He does not smoke and is said to have told friends that he "could not afford the luxury of tobacco." He will take a drink now and then, but the chief champion of congressional economy, although he reaches for his share of the tabs, is hardly a free spender. Recently, Taber was host to a group of friends in the House restaurant and paid the check himself. Later, the head waiter figured out the tip at six cents per diner at the table. "The Democrats always did better than that," the waiter was heard to complain.

Echo of a moan

GOVERNMENT employees whose jobs are threatened and citizens who feel Taber's views on the budget are dangerous for the health of the nation echo the waiter's moan. Thus Taber's first pronouncement in the new congressional year contended that there were too many press agents in the government. What he specifically recommended was that all government information programs be wiped out in the interest of "American liberty and freedom of the press." But the press, whose freedom was to be preserved by Taber's axe, was not much more gratified by the prospect than were the federal employees who were to get the axe. Except for a few violently anti-Administration newspapers, few editors and fewer Washington correspondents have shown a desire to remove the government press agent. One reason seems to be that many Washington newspapermen fear that the removal of press agents may force them to do more work themselves.

In cloakrooms, old-time Representatives recall the day when the sheer power of Taber's voice restored the hearing of a long deaf colleague. No one recalls either the subject under debate, although it must have been appropriations for Taber to have been speaking at all, or the name of the Representative who threw away his hearing aid. But it is said that Taber made one point with such violence that the deaf man, unmindful until then of what was going on, suddenly sat upright, looked around with a most bewildered expression, then turned around and shook hands with an equally bewildered Taber.

Beach with bathing beauties

FEDERAL spending is almost the only subject that Taber honors with the rolling thunder of his voice, and the only one on which he is an acknowledged expert. Although he follows the Republican Party line on most matters, he establishes it on appropriations. Budget Bureau officials who have appeared before the Appropriations Committee to justify certain expenditures recognize in Taber an adversary who frequently knows as much about the minute items under discussion as do the officials themselves. One of them told a friend recently that Taber's understanding of budget matters is truly impressive. No expenditure is too small for him to question, the official said, obviously in great awe of the amount of study Taber necessarily puts in on the telephone-book-size budget.

Even during the war, when military expenditures were rarely questioned by Congress, high officials were brought to book by Taber. On one occasion a general was attempting to explain to the Appropriations Committee the need for a swimming pool, to be placed on a hill in Honolulu. "And why do you want a swimming pool on a hill?" Taber asked in his normal speaking voice, a decibel or two above the volume of a bass drum. "The boys will swim on the beach where they'll be able to look at the pretty girls and they'll disregard your swimming pool." The money for the pool was deleted from the Army's appropriation.

Today Taber's position as chairman of the Appropriations Committee undoubtedly warrants a certain amount of fear in government circles. He has already established a double standard—one set of rules for Taber and another for government agencies—and officials have no choice but to comply. A confidential memorandum from James E. Webb, director of the Bureau of the Budget, was sent recently to all government section chiefs. In it, Webb says "Taber . . . has indicated to me that he is quite disturbed by a growing tendency on the part of officials in the executive branch to release to the press statements and other information furnished at the various subcommittee hearings on appropriation bills." The hearings are held in secret session, but Taber holds forth at his own press conferences.

"The chairman indicated further," Webb's secret memorandum continues, "that in his opinion the premature release of testimony probably indicates such a weakness in the justification for the appropriation that it was necessary to stir up pressure on the committee. For this reason, the committee will probably consider such statements as an invitation to reduce the requested appropriation." Harried government officials, upon receiving Webb's note, could be excused for thinking that Taber had long since proved his capacity to cut appropriations without giving an excuse.

Congressional discourtesy

EVEN the hallowed rules of "congressional courtesy" don't influence Taber when he is out crusading against budget dollars. During the recent conflict between the House and the Senate on fixing a ceiling for the 1947-48 fiscal-year budget, Taber spoke scornfully of Senate Republicans who did not agree with him on how sharply President Truman's figures should be cut.

Without identifying the Senators, whose names were obvious anyhow, Taber told reporters that "the spenders have deluded some of the proponents of national defense into taking the gaff for some of the log-rolling projects they know they couldn't justify out in the open." Of Senate Republicans like Taft and Millikin who had been holding out for a smaller reduction, Taber said—again without naming them—that their reasoning was "noth-

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ing but a camouflage to cover up pork-barreling."

Although most House Republicans would hesitate to say such things about their Senate colleagues, any one of whom might be President some day, Taber lashes right out. Next to press agents and government employees in general, his current major gripe is housing. The other day, in the relaxed atmosphere of his office, where he somewhat resembles Lewis Stone as Andy Hardy's father, Taber told a visitor that he wanted to get rid of the "rackets in government such as housing." The housing program, he continued, "has been actually an anti-housing program. Because of dishonest or bad management only a half to two-thirds of the houses we were promised have been built." Taber made it plain that, if he has his way, not a cent of the new budget will be earmarked for housing. He does not consider the saving of $361 million in this case so important as the killing of the government housing program, "with its priorities and bottlenecks."

"America First" backing

TABER'S attitude toward housing is reminiscent of his crusade against the National Youth Administration—a fight in which he had a hard time getting results. In 1943, the Administration was insisting on continuing the agency to prepare young men and women for war work, and Taber, of course, opposed it. At one point in the debate his argument took a strange tack. "In my territory," he told the House, "out at their private [NYA] boarding school, we see a white boy and a black girl come out together. . . . The entire program is demoralizing. It has been demoralizing all the way through."

Strangely enough, it was a Southerner, Representative Tarver of Georgia, who stood up to read telegrams from citizens of Auburn denying the situation as Taber described it. The publisher of the Auburn *Citizen-Advertiser* expressed doubt that Taber had ever visited the local NYA center. The pastor of the First Methodist Church of Auburn wired that he "found no untoward mingling of races . . . speaking from personal observation."

Taber's curious attack might have been simply an appeal for support from Southern Democrats; but his record on other legislation suggests that he harbors deep-seated prejudice against minority groups. In the last Congress he was one of the few Republicans who voted "Nay" on the anti-poll-tax bill. Significantly or not, Taber was endorsed in his last campaign by Gerald L. K. Smith and his America First Party.

It is true that in giving general endorsement of some hundred or so congressmen, Smith did hedge to the extent of saying that "it must not be assumed that every individual endorsed meets with our 100-percent approval. In some instances we have endorsed the lesser of two evils because we desire to support the best men available."

Smith's endorsement of Taber could very well have been in the "lesser of two evils" category, since the New Yorker's record on national defense before Pearl Harbor had been spotty enough to keep him out of the America First Blue Book. Although Taber did not vote for the original lend-lease bill, he did turn about and vote for the first lend-lease appropriation and for the Selective Service Act. He has also voted for the Fulbright Resolution, UNRRA and the British loan, although he balked on extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act.

It is conceivable that Taber won Smith's endorsement on domestic issues, for he voted to establish the Un-American Activities Committee as a regular House body during the last Congress and voted for a moratorium on anti-trust laws for insurance companies, for the Bulwinkle bill (which would have limited anti-trust prosecution of railroads) and for the Case bill. Meanwhile he voted against the full-employment bill, the school-lunch bill and continuation of the OPA.

Cayuga County to Washington

BUT for all his bluff and bluster in debate and Appropriations Committee sessions, Taber is a remarkably modest man. When a reporter remarked that he had come a long way from the Cayuga County Republican Committee, Taber replied, "I'm just an ordinary fellow."

The modesty is reflected in his biography in the latest Congressional Directory. Congressmen write these portraits themselves, and Taber's runs to only five lines while that of his neighbor from the 37th District, the comparative newcomer, Edwin Arthur Hall, takes up all of 34 lines. There was a time, shortly after he first came to Congress, when Taber in his autobiography admitted to the presidency of the Auburn Chamber of Commerce and to being "actively connected with business affairs of city and county." He also noted that he was a delegate to the 1920 Republican convention, which nominated Warren G. Harding. But in keeping with his newer position as one of the seniors in the House, Taber in recent years has ignored such mundane facts about himself.

Afraid of murder

SUCH modesty, in addition to other attributes, has endeared Taber to his GOP colleagues. Last year, the New York State Republican delegation in Congress gave a dinner at which they planned to present him with a plaque in honor of his position as dean of the delegation. Close to deadline time, someone discovered that Taber was not dean after all, but second man to Representative Dan Reed, who has been in Congress since 1919. The delegation thereupon awarded plaques to both men.

Whether or not Taber's inbred thriftiness recoiled at the waste thus displayed is not reported. One thing is sure: he could never receive a plaque for popularity among government employees, many of whom now use the verb "taberize" to signify the act of slashing their jobs and hopes. Taber's is a ruthless procedure, and it has been known to bring forth a violent reaction. During the last session of Congress, in fact, Taber was the recipient of a well placed poke in the jaw from Clarence Cannon of Missouri, at that time chairman of the Appropriations Committee, a gentleman of approximately half Taber's size. The blow was struck in the privacy of Cannon's office and climaxed a heated discussion on a pending appropriations bill. Taber did not hit back, he later told friends in his awesome voice, for fear that he might kill Cannon.

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All Over but the Shooting

by Robin Kinkead

Hunted by Manila police, the leader of the war-tested Huk guerrillas plans a campaign of popular reform from his hide-out

ROXAS has sent Filipino military police with tommy-guns and armed jeeps to get Luis Taruc The President of the Philippines charges him with insurrection and murder.

Hiding out is nothing new to the Hukbalahap leader. The Japs had a big price on his head and never caught him. His hideout was less than 40 miles from Manila, but neither searching parties nor bribes could unearth him for the Japs.

When I was out in Manila a while ago, Taruc hadn't yet taken to the swamps and banana groves. But things were getting a little hot for him. People said some desperate Huk bodyguard might take a shot at you if you tried to find him. But I thought he might like to talk to an American correspondent. Once you started, he wasn't hard to find.

First I went over to the Philippine Congress building—Taruc is an elected congressman. It's an old, dusty frame structure that used to be a Japanese schoolhouse. There was a little table at the entrance with a sign above it, "All Firearms Must Be Checked Here." A small man dressed in GI khaki sitting at a desk bearing Taruc's name, smiled when I asked for Taruc. "Luis doesn't come around here any more," he said. He showed me an official congressional directory, a mimeograph job on cheap paper. It listed Taruc at 153 Le Garda Street.

I went around there after the two-hour lunch period in a hired jeep at $1 an hour. Dingy frame buildings lined a street full of holes and jeeps. A coke cost a quarter in the little lunch joints along the narrow sidewalks. Lunch was $2.

Taruc's address was a tailor shop ten feet wide with a glassy-eyed, painted manikin sporting a white shirt in the window. "A sign?" I wondered. "White shirt, all clear—red shirt, danger?" Inside were three 1905-type Singer sewing machines, the treadle kind. There were a few iron drugstore chairs of the pre-chrome period—probably liberated from some drugstore that got hit when we shelled and bombed Manila.

A small fellow was operating one of the machines. He didn't look up. A husky man in an undershirt cutting some white cloth did look up. But he didn't seem interested. He gave me the dull eye and apparently didn't understand English very well.

I kept saying I was a correspondent and wanted to see Taruc, to get his slant on things.

"Luis not here," the husky man said.

"Well, when's he going to be in? American people hear what Roxas say. Now I tell them what Taruc say."

"Write note what you want," he said.

I put down a bit of undying prose on a scrap of copy paper and attached a card. The husky fellow called to someone behind a curtain at his back and a 20-year-old kid with the dead pan of a movie killer came out. He took the note. I said, "Say, I got a jeep outside. Can't I drive him?"

The husky man smiled wisely, "Better he go alone. You wait."

LUIS TARUC

Among the most effective wartime forces of resistance to the Japanese was the Filipino peasant guerrilla organization called the Hukbalahap—usually abbreviated to the "Huks." Shortly after liberation, however, the new Filipino government followed the procedure already set by freed European governments toward their own resistance groups and ordered that the Huks be disarmed. The Huks went into opposition against the administration of President Manuel Roxas, charging that he had collaborated with the Japanese, and refused to lay down arms until the government guaranteed them land and other reforms. Outlawed by Roxas, the Huks are now operating underground. Their chief is Luis Taruc, whom Robin Kinkead went to see in his hide-out headquarters near Manila. – THE EDITORS

Robin Kinkead, wartime chief editor of the OWI Pacific Bureau, was for six years a foreign correspondent for Reuters and later the CBS correspondent in Manila. He is now doing radio work in San Francisco.

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Drawings by Stefanelli

I went outside. My shirt was wet from the heat. A newspaper headline said, "Is Taruc the Himmler of Central Luzon?"

In half an hour the dead-pan kid melted out of the crowd and eased inside. He said something in Tagalog to the husky man. He turned to me and said, "Luis see you here tomorrow morning ten o'clock."

There was still time that afternoon to see the man who was in charge of pacifying Taruc's Hukbalahaps, Zulueta, Secretary of the Interior and head of the Philippine military police. He had an office in the City Hall, a building so pocked with bullet marks it looked ruined from the outside. Zulueta's office showed only some cracked windows. Walls, red-tiled floors, desks and chairs were clean and shining. A guard with a .45 automatic at his belt led me in.

Zulueta grinned and said, "You're just in time if you want to talk about the Huks. This is Colonel Castaneda, in charge of the MP's, and this is General Peralta, my military adviser." The Colonel had a smooth, egg-shaped head with the hair clipped to one millimeter, a very tough-looking gent. The General was young and boyish, with curly hair.

Zulueta passed me a box of long, tawny Alhambra cigars. "We do not believe in using force to subdue the Huks. But if they do not give up their arms peacefully, then they'll give them up anyhow."

The Colonel laughed. "We could wipe them out any time. But that wouldn't solve the problem."

The Hukbalahaps, they told me, came from the peasantry of Central Luzon. They wanted changes in the tenant-farming system. But instead of turning in their arms and leaving it to a wise government, they kept roaming around, fighting MP's and scaring other peasants who wanted to plant rice. They said I should go there and take a look.

The next morning at 10 a.m. the thermometer, as usual, was at 97 degrees. A slim man dressed in khaki was sitting in the tailor shop on one of the iron drugstore chairs. He stood up and said, "I am Luis."

He said he had to be pretty careful—"Only last week a jeep full of Governor David's bandits tried to get me"—so we'd talk in a back room if I didn't mind.

We went through a curtain. I had to stoop to get through the opening cut in the wall. It was a whitewashed room with one table of rough wood and some drugstore chairs. Taruc's pals must have been the first ones into a wrecked drugstore when the Japs pulled out.

There was a bottle of cooking oil on a shelf next to a tin basin filled with old, gluelike rice. A small black pig

(Continued on page 26)

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The Stalwart

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s of Old Salem

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(Continued from page 23)

wandered in and out. Coarse hairs stuck up along his backbone. Two small children played on the floor. An old woman sifted some rice through a wicker sieve. A younger woman cut up onions and crushed some garlic cloves on the table at which we were sitting.

Taruc paid no attention to them and they paid no attention to us. He was a quiet man of 33 who spoke good English in a low voice. He had heavy brows, and lines at the corners of his mouth.

"Our enemies call us Communists," Taruc said, "they say we want to wreck the government and put in a communistic one. Now I myself am a Communist, but our movement is democratic. I believe communism is the eventual answer for the world, but not for the Philippines for a long, long time."

He and his followers would be pleased, he said, if they could get a government as democratic as the United States. "Actually, the sort of thing we want is a good democratic form of capitalism, not so much the Wall Street kind, but the sort Eric Johnston stands for." He said the Philippines needed American capital and American technical skills. He managed to avoid the phrase "know-how."

The pig kept running under the table, bumping our legs. The women hung a scrawny chicken above a wood fire just outside the door. The smoke drifted in and stung my eyes.

"More rights for poor people"

TARUC said the fighting Huks were only a small part of his movement. He said they stayed under arms because enemies were out to get them—the MP's, and armed groups backed by landlords. He said the Hukbalahap stood for agrarian reform, more democracy in government and more rights for poor people and tenant farmers.

"There is terror now in Central Luzon," he said, and told me to visit some of the fields and villages. He gave me a letter, written in alternate lines of English and Tagalog, and signed with both his guerrilla name, "Juan de la Cruz," and his regular name. When I went out I noticed the husky man was sitting so as to block the doorway, but acting as if he were just taking the air.

It takes an hour and a half to drive from Manila to the Hukbalahap hot spots in Central Luzon. Just the same, it was hard to find a driver who'd risk himself and his car. Some of them said they didn't mind being shot at themselves—said it would be no new experience—but automobiles were valuable. Finally a square-faced little fellow with a Ford sedan said he'd do it for twice his usual fee, for a hundred dollars a day. He'd been a driver on Bataan, he told me, name of Benny. He stopped by his home to pick up a .38 revolver.

We drove into Pampanga Province. On the way loaded trucks moved along the two-lane highway, each with a Filipino carrying a tommy gun on top of the load. Benny said that was to prevent hijacking, not as protection against the Huks. He said some bandits held up cars pretending they were Huks. But he didn't believe the Huks bothered people who weren't bothering them.

We nosed through small villages with names like Santa Rita and Santa Maria. There weren't many people working in the rice fields, nor were many to be seen in the villages, even though this was thickly populated territory, so densely inhabited that there is a plan to move some people to less crowded provinces.

We stopped at *nipa* shacks built on stilts. People stuck their heads through openings and looked at us. But they wouldn't talk. The moment the word "Hukbalahap" was mentioned, they stopped understanding any language at all. Benny said they were scared.

In one village we were standing on a narrow dirt road when a man dressed in a white sport shirt and a pair of slacks made from GI wool trousers suddenly appeared. His outfit was pretty sharp for that region. I got into conversation with him and showed him Taruc's letter. He read it carefully, thought for a time, and then said, "I take you some place."

It was another *nipa* shack on stilts with openings front and back for doors. You reached them on bamboo ladders. There was a pig under the house and a water buffalo tied to a banana tree—signs of prosperity.

Inside the floors were made of split bamboo. On the walls were some old group photographs in gilt frames with captions like "Happy Birthday" in old-fashioned print. There were a few straight chairs, one small table, a clothes closet and nothing else. Two bent old women, a young pregnant woman and an old man stood in a corner. They were barefoot and their toes were splayed.

"These people have trouble," the sharp fellow said.

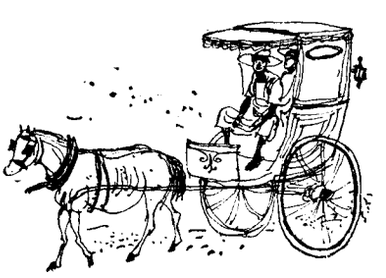
"Ask them if they are with the Huks."

"No use. They scared to talk about Huks."

"Show them the letter from Taruc."

He had to read it to them. A young fellow came in. He had muddy bare feet with the same splayed toes. But he was freshly shaved and had a neat haircut. He read the letter himself.

"Two weeks ago I was working in the fields with about twenty other peasants," the young fellow said. "We were trying to get rice planted. MP's drove



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up in three jeeps. They had guns and took us. They shot one man."

One of the old women touched his arm and said something.

"She's telling him not to talk, scared he'll get into more trouble," said the sharp man.

The boy went on talking. He said the man the MP's shot had had a pistol which he dropped to the ground. He put up his hands, but they shot him anyway. They took the rest to jail and accused them of sheltering Huks. They wanted names. After questioning they let them go.

The boy said, "I am not going to work in fields any more."

The others said many peasants were afraid to work in the fields, afraid of MP raids. They said the MP's had captured a neighbor of theirs a little while ago and tortured him, broken his ribs. I got some directions out of them as to how to find this man. It took a couple of hours. He was a man with grizzled hair. His daughter was with him. She spoke English and after studying Taruc's letter she talked.

She said MP's arrested her father on suspicion he was giving food to Huks and took her and her mother along to jail as well. The girl said they hadn't been dealing with Huks so they had nothing to confess.

"Did they torture your father?"

She asked him, and then translated, "No. One soldier struck me in the ribs with his fist when they arrested me. It still hurts when I breathe. At headquarters, officers asked me questions without hitting me."

They let him go after two days. He said now he was afraid to go home. They might arrest him again. So he was hiding out in his friend's house.

Something lacking

COMING away from visiting several of these little *nipa* houses I had a sense of something lacking. There was hardly any furniture. There was little food, about half a sack of rice was the largest supply I saw. There was something else missing. Finally it struck me—no beds. None of the shacks had a bed.

Back in Manila, at the Army-Navy Press Club, an Army press-relations officer said, "My God—not even a bullet through your windshield?"

How to Slide Uphill

by Thomas Whiteside

You, too, can achieve Dynamic Magnetism, a Smile That Wins, a Personality That Conquers; but relax when your ulcers strike back

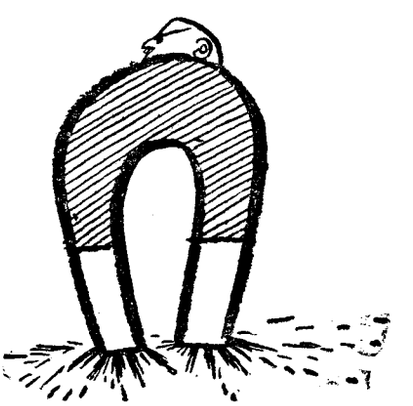
EVERY day in the United States, thousands of citizens present themselves privately before a nearby mirror, purse their lips and carefully cry: "Wah, way, wee, waw, wo, woo." This haunting incantation may continue for several minutes. After a period of meditation, its practitioners then hang their heads limply to one side, emit a number of heavy sighs, and suddenly burst into a hearty "Ha, ha, ha, ha."

The participants in these extraordinary rites are not, as might be supposed by some casual bystander, Cree Indians, nor could they accurately be described as existentialists. They are disciples of a uniquely American literary movement —the art of Getting Ahead. As such, they have just been reciting a catechism of success as compounded by Lawrence W. Rogers in his new testament of Influencing People, *How to Talk Effectively*. The type of laugh recommended by Rogers is said to be particularly effective at conventions, banquets and board meetings, and pre-convention workouts are essential for maximum success. With patience and effort—and *How to Talk Effectively*—the entire citizenry may achieve such a laugh. It is democratic in the extreme.

In fact, the entire aim and function of the Self-Improvement literary movement is democratic to the point of socialism. For its ultimate aim is a society in which all men are leaders, a society in which no poor exist. The prerequisite to this ideal society is remarkably simple. It consists of a five-foot shelf of treatises on Self-Improvement, including *There's Plenty of Room at the Top*, by the late Loire Brophy; *The Technique of Building Personal Leadership*, by Donald A. Laird; *How to Develop Your Executive Ability*, by Daniel Starch; and, of course, *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, by the Self-Improvement dean, Dale Carnegie.

By reading the precise formulas contained therein, the poor may at one stroke eliminate themselves as a class. They all become executives, rich, dynamic and full of encouraging epigrams.

Less fortunate societies, whose members are apt to measure their economic progress by production graphs, stock-market trends and the movement of consumer goods, may in future regard their



Drawings by Robert Osborne

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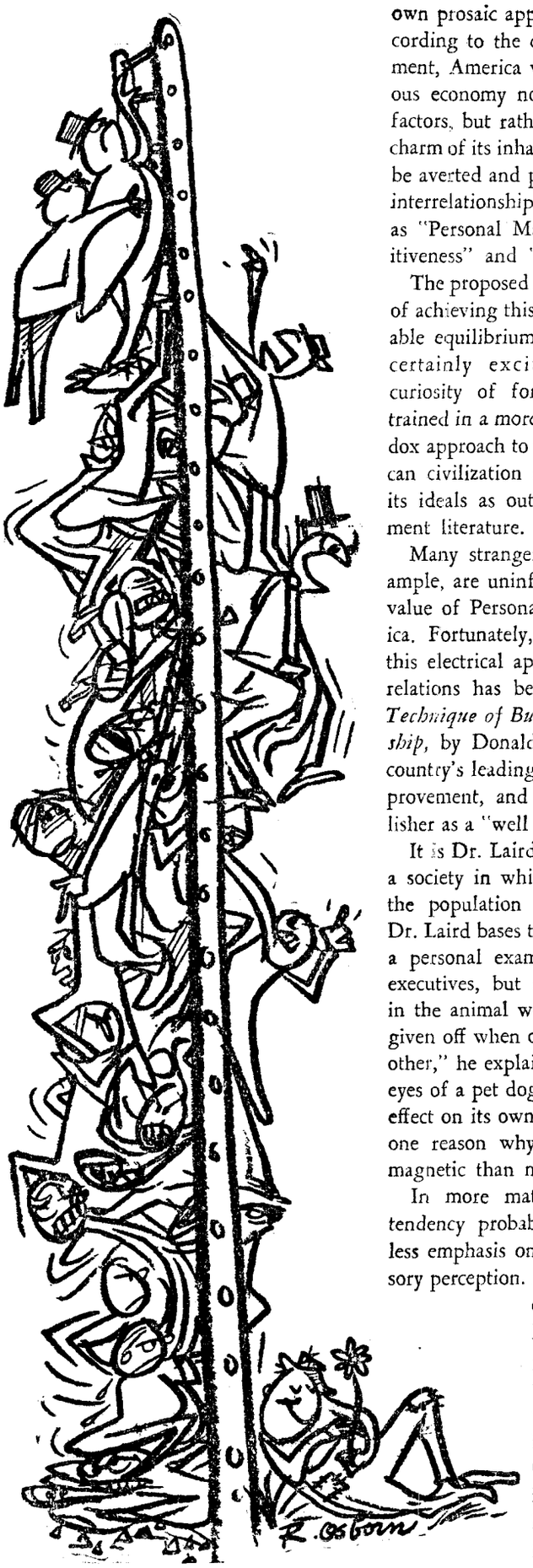
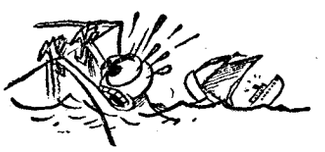


own prosaic approach with chagrin. According to the canons of Self-Improvement, America will maintain a prosperous economy not through such trifling factors, but rather through the personal charm of its inhabitants. Depressions will be averted and prosperity assured by the interrelationship of such imponderables as "Personal Magnetism," "Go-Ahead-itiveness" and "Tactful Conversation."

The proposed manner of achieving this admirable equilibrium would certainly excite the curiosity of foreigners trained in a more orthodox approach to the problems of American civilization and unacquainted with its ideals as outlined by Self-Improvement literature.



Many strangers to our land, for example, are uninformed as to the crucial value of Personal Magnetism in America. Fortunately, a thorough thesis on this electrical approach to interpersonal relations has been undertaken in *The Technique of Building Personal Leadership*, by Donald A. Laird, one of the country's leading authorities on Self-Improvement, and described by his publisher as a "well known psychologist."

It is Dr. Laird's belief that to achieve a society in which all men are leaders, the population must magnetize itself. Dr. Laird bases this belief not only upon a personal examination of corporation executives, but also upon observations in the animal world. "There are sparks given off when one looks intently at another," he explains. "The intently direct eyes of a pet dog, even, have a magnetic effect on its owner. . . . Probably that is one reason why many dogs are more magnetic than many people."

In more materialistic societies, the tendency probably would be to place less emphasis on this type of extra-sensory perception. However, in the Utopia of Self-Improvement literature, magnetism goes hand in hand with the highest moral values. Among the most important of these are Optimism, Stick-to-Itiveness, Go-Ahead-itiveness and the ability to Put Your Best Foot Forward, Belittle Others (but *secretly*), Treat Everyone as Your Superior, Pretend You Like People and Keep Your Feelings Insensitive.

According to Dr. Laird, these moral attainments require some study. For example, Putting Your Best Foot Forward involves considerable research. "Read the front page of a newspaper daily," Dr. Laird advises. "Get some special accomplishment."

Stick-to-Itiveness, it seems, requires even greater efforts, such as Sinking Your Ships, Changing Your Grip and Pretending It Is Easy. To illustrate his ship-scuttling procedure, Dr. Laird cites the case of a "young self-made man" who occupied "the president's chair of one of our largest advertising agencies." This gentleman apparently had been a heavy smoker. He tried to quit several times, but always slid back. He therefore told his associates that he had quit smoking, and has never smoked since. Dr. Laird recites this miracle without surprise, and passes on to Martin Luther, who, he maintains, had Stick-to-Itiveness to a remarkable degree.

Go-Ahead-itiveness is equally important. In this respect, one outstanding Self-Improvement author, Robert James Botkin, places particular emphasis on GOING THE EXTRA MILE. " 'Nearly 2,000 years ago, a great Teacher exhorted His followers to *go the extra mile'*," says Botkin. " 'Today, this . . . is one of the greatest living truths'." Dr. Laird quotes Charles M. Schwab to the same effect. "Charles M. Schwab," he says, "started as a poor boy. . . . In the prime of his life he was earning a million dollars a year." And it was Schwab's belief that "It is ever onward, with successful men, until life flows out of their bodies."

One of the essential ingredients of Go-Ahead-itiveness—One-Track-Mindedness—is probably less indigenous to America than any other morality of Self-Improvement. Indeed, Dr. Laird generously admits that "It was a brilliant Bulgarian chemist, Dr. Stephen Popoff, who first called the merits of a one-track mind to my attention." At the time, recalls Dr. Laird, ". . . I was working overtime in the laboratory starting one experiment before another was fin-

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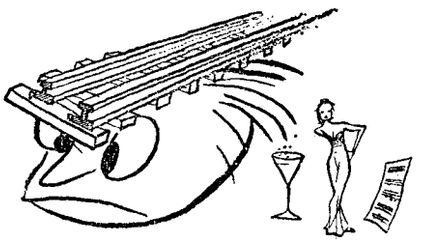
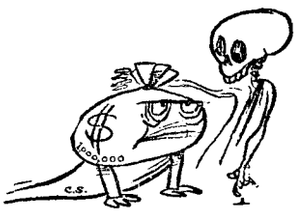


ished." To overcome this conflict, Dr. Popoff advised him to carry a two-cent pad with which to make notes. Dr. Laird says he has carried one ever since. It is probably on this same historic tablet that Dr. Laird first jotted down many of his most interesting case histories, like that of Mr. A, a young Middle Western attorney employed by a brass company. "He was a butterfly," says Dr. Laird. "He thought of too many things at the same time . . . butterflying made him take an extra year to complete his law course." Mr. A's No-Power was getting strained. Happily, he tried Dr. Popoff's note-pad idea, and went from one success to another.

Another means of achieving success is to think. This involves "inner drives" and "clear-ringing mental alarm clocks." When these alarm clocks go off, the entire population becomes immersed in thought. Almost without exception, our Self-Improvement authors endorse thought as a useful auxiliary to Success. Daniel Starch, author of *How to Develop Your Executive Ability,* takes pains to attack Caesar as a Knocker in this respect, on the grounds that he (Caesar) inclined toward a dim view of Cassius because the latter thought too much.



As a matter of fact, Shakespeare comes in for a rather hard time from our Self-Improvement sociologists. Robert James Botkin, author of *Priceless Personality,* went out of his way to comment unfavorably on the Bard in a chapter on "Tactful Conversation." "Conversation," he says, "is always a give and take affair. A long monologue is in poor taste today. That is one reason why the Shakespearian dramas are no longer popular."

As distinct from the tedium of Shakespearean soliloquies, speeches in the Self-Improvement world are brief, witty and to the point. To this end, a number of excellent formulas have been conveniently prepared for the public speeches which, as a matter of course, will be incumbent upon a society of leaders. Some of the best formulas have been integrated in *How to Talk Effectively,* by Lawrence W. Rogers. Gestures useful in speeches, for example, have cleverly been reduced by Rogers to five basic movements: Palm Up, Palm Down, Vertical, Pointing and Clenched Fist. By practising these gestures before a mirror with the aid of a "friendly, sympathetic critic," followers of Rogers may attain in a short time remarkable oratorical efficiency. These gestures come admirably equipped with a set of suitable phrases. Thus, in the case of Palm Down (either or both hands), it is possible to make any one of three statements: "We will have nothing to do with it"; "Pay no attention to these demands"; or "I loathe such hypocrisy"; and in the matter of Clenched Fist, either of two: "The only answer to that is a blow"; "We defy him and his organization."

Formulas have also been solicitously drawn up, without the need of gestures, for speeches in favor of America. For example, says Lawrence, "if you propose that America is the land of opportunity, you could follow it up with such instances as that of:

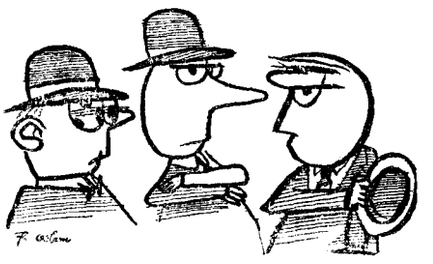
"1. Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt who, after starting life as a ferryman, left more than a hundred million dollars to his heirs.

"2. F. W. Woolworth, who began his business career on a capital of one dollar and fifty cents, yet accumulated millions during his lifetime."

It cannot be conceded that our Self-Improvement authors are in any way hostile to greatness. True, Dr. Laird recommends that the population "turn the telescope around so that you seem bigger, others smaller." But he also urges his disciples to treat everyone else as their superior. Robert James Botkin, far from deprecating men of genius, suggests that his followers imagine themselves as such, for purposes of Getting Ahead. "If you cannot think of some person you admire," he says, "then set up an imaginary character. . . . A salesman told me he used this method with astonishing success." The salesman told himself that he was the president of a half-billion-dollar corporation. "I made calls on *big* men," he remarks in recalling this pleasant arrangement. "They listened to my proposition and asked questions. . . . My income doubled and redoubled within two years."

Not only wealth but sparkling conversation and elegant manners will exist universally in the Self-Improvement world of tomorrow. Already, this movement is well under way. "A new aristocracy is springing up in the world today," says Robert James Botkin, an aristocracy of "*personal charm.*" To enter this broad elite, Mr. Botkin prescribes, *inter alia,* TACTFUL CONVERSATION, holding up as a model a particularly charming lady of his acquaintance. "She guided the talk into interesting channels," he explains. "If the conversation lagged, she would say, 'John, what were you telling about your visit to your aunt?' "

This admirable world will have no place for political controversy. "Avoid religion and politics," Botkin advises his rising elite, "unless you can guide such subjects into uncontroversial channels." Delicacy will reign above all. "Discussion of disease and death is usually taboo," he rules, "especially in the presence of elderly or sick people." Good manners are an equally integral part of the moral code. "If you are standing on a corner," states Botkin, "don't lean against a lamp post. . . . When you sit



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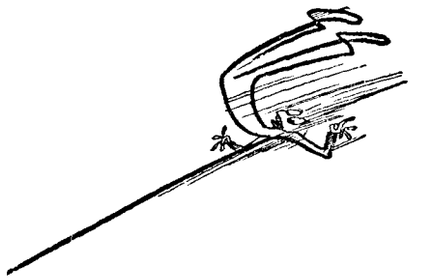
in a chair . . . don't lounge back and stick your feet out for people to stumble over. . . . Be sure the cigarette you hold in your hand is not smoking in some other person's face. He may not like your brand. . . . The simple etiquette for funerals is to recognize no one. Sit quietly as though in meditation. . . . Your manner should say: 'I am so overcome with the solemnity of the occasion that I can recognize no one'."

Relations between the sexes will be on a uniformly high plane in the Self-Improvement Utopia. This desirable end will be attained, in part, through mutual recognition of certain differences between men and women. *"Men achieve* on the plane of material things," says Botkin. *"Women attract and incite."* Incitement, however, must never be carried too far. "If he tells you he secured a thousand-dollar order, praise him. Don't belittle him by telling him about another's ten-thousand-dollar order," Botkin instructs wives.

Thus will a nation of executives live at peace with itself and the rest of the world. Everyone will be possessed of a firm handshake (Magnetic people "use no 'dead fish' handshakes"), fast speech ("Open your throttle and speed up your words"), a maximum of Stick-to-Itiveness ("Keep a stiff upper lip") and electronic thoughts ("The mind is like a radio." Lift your thoughts to a higher wave-length). In such an alert society, all would seem to be smooth, satisfactory and prosperous. Yet one problem intrudes. The Complete Executive is susceptible. He has an Achilles' heel—Nervous Tension.

There lies a distressing phenomenon. For with such daring speed does our nation of executives exude charm, tact, thoughts and action that its nerves become shot to pieces. Appalling though this peril may be to America, strangers from afar need never fear for our society. Every force begets its counter force; our Self-Improvement authors are working on the problem. From this highly skilled work has emerged a monumental thesis, *Release from Nervous Tension,* by one of our best Self-Improvement specialists, David Harold Fink, M.D.



No one is more aware than Dr. Fink that the rungs of the Executive Ladder are strewn with nervous colitis, malfunctions of the Interbrain and Conflicting Emotions. These social ailments, in turn, present the worst danger which a Self-Improvement society could face: the danger of Sliding Downhill. And, according to Self-Improvement literature, many are the cases of Sliding Downhill. Here is a typical instance, drawn from *There's Plenty of Room at the Top,* by Loire Brophy, one of Dr. Fink's colleagues:

"I knew an executive," says Miss Brophy, who "was at home spending the time alone. His boss . . . telephoned and invited him over for a fourth at bridge. . . . He refused . . . explaining he had to go over his household bills. . . . This man went downhill steadily."

And here is an even worse case: "The president of an advertising agency came to see me one day to discuss some pressing problems," recalls one Self-Improvement writer. "He was pale and drawn; though still in his early fifties, he looked a complete wreck. 'Why don't you take a couple of weeks off and rest?' I inquired. 'Two weeks!' he exclaimed. 'Why, I can't spare two minutes'."

This man not only went downhill, he went all the way. "Within six months," says the author, "he was dead."

What happens, according to Dr. Fink, is that the Interbrain misbehaves. The Interbrain is the delicate mechanism that stands between the driving forebrain and the sometimes rebellious muscles, nerves and emotions that must implement the desire to success. The strain of giving off sparks, putting best feet forward, turning the telescope round the other way, Looking Beyond the Immediate, maintaining a one-track mind and mutual magnetization begins to show. Storms come out of the Interbrain. The body talks back. The stomach gets churned up. Despair, remorse, indigestion, insomnia and nervous colitis result. Combined with Office Politics, the necessity of laughing constantly and tuning the mental dial to higher wave lengths, the slightest sign of inclement weather in the Interbrain may in a matter of months turn the nation of executives into a population of nervous wrecks.

Fortunately, our invincible Self-Improvement authors are taking prompt remedial action. They now are urging the citizenry to talk with their Interbrains, and then, in turn, to converse with their colons, scalps and eyeballs, whose very nature rebels against such economic variables as stock-market graphs, sales reports and the bumpy climb up the Executive Ladder to the president's chair. Already, thousands of citizens are enthusiastically following this kindly advice. Fearlessly they fling themselves into the vigorous debate between Interbrain and colon. With reducing telescope in one hand and *Release from Nervous Tension* in the other, they sag their jaws while speeding up their words. One fist may be clenched for a convention speech, but the other lies calmly limp. While sinking their ships and giving off sparks, they talk to their arms, legs and necks. While Exchanging their Wishbone for a Backbone, they make conversation to their surly spinal muscles—Tactful Conversation, of course. These citizens, in brief, are learning how to relax. With faith, hope and Stick-to-Itiveness, they may yet cajole their Interbrains into letting them make that Extra Mile.

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Books in Review

Russia's Lively Arts

Moscow (by radio)

THE Soviet literary scene seems to have taken on a curiously American flavor. One of this season's plays has become a howling success before its production, as the result of American-style publicity methods, while another literary work has had a phenomenal career as a "book of the month" and a prosperous play, and has now gone to the Soviet equivalent of Hollywood to be made into the year's biggest film.

The sure-fire hit which is still in rehearsal is Konstantin Simonov's play, "The Russian Question," which he dashed off after his recent brief visit to the United States. The play is set in America and the plot deals with an American journalist assigned by his publisher to go to the Soviet Union and to write a hostile book showing that the Russians want war. He accepts the 30,000 pieces of silver but can't go through with the assignment when he finds his publisher's theory is wrong. So he loses his job, his wife leaves him, his furniture is reclaimed by the instalment man and he himself fares forth to find "the America of Lincoln and Roosevelt."

Literaturnaia Gazeta

KONSTANTIN SIMONOV

As soon as the text of the play was printed in the December issue of the literary magazine *Zvezda* it was snapped up by 500 theatres throughout the Soviet Union, including the five best in Moscow. In the Lenin Komsomol, Simonov's wife, Valentina, will be playing the leading feminine role. And don't be surprised if it turns up in New York with Spencer Tracy, for whom it seems to have been written, as they say.

The 500-theatre proposition is an amazing one even for the Soviet Union. The previous record for simultaneous productions was held by another new play, "For Those at Sea," which 203 theatres are doing, while such popular plays as Korneichuk's "The Front" and Simonov's "The Russian People" and "And So It Will Be" had to struggle along in only 100 playhouses at once. (This last, under the title "The Whole World Over," opened at the Biltmore Theatre in New York on March 27.)

The new Simonov piece undoubtedly acts better than it reads, as a melodrama usually does. Admittedly it has a timely and provocative theme and it's almost the sole topic of literary conversation here these days.

In this respect, it has practically supplanted the other mass-production work, Alexander Fadeyev's "The Young Guard," which is a book, a play, an opera and a movie. It is a true story of a juvenile underground group during the occupation of the Donets Basin during the war, and on the stage it is superbly done by the talented young actors at the Moscow Drama Theatre. At least two other writers tried their hand at the original book, but the job wasn't done right until it was turned over to the handsome Fadeyev and the book's immediate success as number-one best seller helped make him the secretary-general of the Union of Soviet Writers when the recent shakeup came.

The other new plays include Boris Lavrenyov's Stalin Prize-winner, "For Those at Sea" (about Soviet motor-torpedo boats), with the moral that coöperation is more to be desired in war than personal glory, and Alexander Korneichuk's "Come to Zvonkovoye," which deals with the problem of how to keep them down on the collective farm after they've seen Berlin.

Novy Mir

ILYA EHRENBURG

FORTHCOMING novels include Ilya Ehrenburg's *The Storm*, which is the sequel to *The Fall of Paris, The Far Road,* by Benjamin Kaverin and *A Few Days,* by Yuri Herman, two writers who have been published in America and are now making a comeback.

But the major literary event of this spring will undoubtedly be the appearance of Mikhail Sholokhov's *They Fought for Their Country,* which, on the basis of a few excerpts in magazines, seems to be the best war novel yet written.

Some unusual translations are also being done and are swallowed up as soon as they hit the bookstands. Perhaps the most interesting is the first Russian translation of Chaucer, which manages to retain the bard's meter and flavor without trying to transliterate his language. Fifteen of Bernard Shaw's plays —but, alas, without the prefaces—have also appeared in a one-volume translation and are extremely popular.

A favorite Soviet caricature is to show Simonov, Valentin Katayev and other prolific writers with several hands like Vishnu, furiously writing plays, novels and short stories at the same time. Both

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Simonov and Katayev, who have plays running, are also represented on the new book-publishing lists, the former with a short novel, *Smoke of the Fatherland,* and the latter with a novel about Odessa during the war, *The Catacombs.*

The continued predominance of the same writers is one of the main worries of the Politburo's Andrei Zhdanov, and the lack of fresh literary talent is one of the problems which has been under scrutiny by the Party during the last six months. Criticism in *Pravda* has also been directed against the literary magazines *Leningrad* and *Zvezda;* and the Party feels that the theatre has been producing too much Chekov, too many plays about Russia's Czarist past and not enough plays about the future of socialism. Social drama is scarce and inconsequential by comparison with a decade ago—so much so that the old plays of the thirties are now being revived.

THE best film news of recent months is that Eisenstein is going on with the second and third parts of "Ivan the Terrible" and Nikolai Cherkassov will continue in the title role now that he has finished acting in a men-in-white film called "A Life in Bloom." The screen biographies of the naval hero, Admiral Nakhimov, and the musical hero, Glinka, are the current film hits, and the first three-dimensional "stereokino" called "Robinson Crusoe" is the current film disappointment, since the special screen necessary for proper lifelike projection is not quite perfected.

With so many visitors in town for the Foreign Ministers' Conference, the theatres of spectacle have really turned it on and the three leading ballerinas, Ulanova, Semyonova and Lepeshinskaya, are all performing at the Bolshoy in everything from "Swan Lake" to Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" and Asafiev's "Flame of Paris."

Shostakovich, shy as ever, made a personal appearance at the Moscow Conservatory last week in his own piano quintet. Wagner is back on symphony programs.

But the most significant musical development is undoubtedly that the Soviet Union now has a Sinatra. He is an operatic tenor named Lemashev, best known for his love in "Eugene Onegin," and it's sad but true that he produces the same swoon, squeal and fan-club effect as Frankie Boy. ALEXANDER KENDRICK

Alexander Kendrick is Moscow correspondent for the Chicago Sun.

Czechoslovakia Today

LIKE petulant children, Britain and the US decided, when they found things not entirely to their liking, to ignore postwar Czechoslovakia. They treated her as though she really were behind an impenetrable Iron Curtain, despite the facts that travel to and from Czechoslovakia was free, foreign correspondents enjoyed complete freedom to see and report what was happening there and the Czechs eagerly sought to restore old connections with the West.

Anglo-American conduct amounted to a boycott. The press of both nations, following a diplomatic lead, paid little attention to Czechoslovakia. In fact, the Associated Press and United Press correspondents are the only American newspapermen permanently stationed in Prague. Other writers have made brief forays into Prague, Bratislava and Pilsen, to come out with hurried and usually sensationalized stories, but the diplomatic boycott has extended almost as thoroughly throughout the press.

FORTUNATELY one exception is Maurice Hindus, who, as correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune,* has devoted most of his time since the war to studying Czechoslovakia and the vastly important role she is playing in contemporary European history. The result of two lengthy visits to Czechoslovakia, his newest book, *The Bright Passage* (Doubleday, $3), is the first postwar report on what has been happening at that crossroads between Russian and Western Europe. It is a book that every American, anxious for the survival of democracy in Europe and befogged as much by the omissions as by the commissions of our press, should read carefully. That is not an unpleasant task, because Hindus has caught the color and character of the Czech people and the story he has to tell is exciting.

As the author of two previous books on Czechoslovakia (*We Shall Live Again,* a prophetic post-Munich analysis, and *To Sing with the Angels,* a novel of Czech village life in wartime), Hindus was equipped to understand what he found in Czechoslovakia when the seven dreary, tragic years of German occupation ended. Unlike many other peoples, the Czechs and Slovaks, both those who returned from exile and those who stayed at home, were united on what they wished their country to become. And, most providentially, they were also united on the methods by which they thought these ends could be attained. In the years of exile, such leaders as President Eduard Benes, Jan Masaryk, Monsignor Sramek and Communist Klement Gottwald reached agreement that their country, to compete and exist in the postwar world, must accept a high degree of socialization. Through close liaison with the underground their plans were discussed and approved by Czechs and Slovaks at home, so that when liberation came they were ready with a vigorous program that avoided the bitter, exhausting internal struggles which other European nations suffered.

Czechoslovakia embarked on the most sweeping program of socialism in the world outside the USSR. That, and the fact that Russian influence necessarily is stronger in Czechoslovakia than London and Washington wish, perhaps account for the strange behavior of the Western nations toward the Czechs.

As Hindus points out, the Czechoslovaks were better armed for their difficult task than most nations. Their highly industrialized country had come through the war with little physical damage. Their level of education, both academically and politically, was high. Their will to nationhood, strengthened by seven years of occupation, was tempered by hard-won knowledge of the realities of European politics—in their case, that Russia was the closest and most potent power in Europe.

JOURNEYING across the rolling, fertile farmlands, through the lovely baroque villages, the glistening modern industrial towns, Hindus talked endlessly with farmers and factory workers, housewives, shopkeepers and professors, Communists and Catholics, politicians and peasants. He found among them many paradoxes, such as the two

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priests who had hung portraits of Stalin in their cells alongside their crucifixes (one had fought as a partisan in the Red Army). But he also found a rare spirit of unity. With all the middle-class doggedness of their character, they were determined that the strength which they hope to achieve by socialization would be at no sacrifice of the democracy which they highly prize.

Under the elder Masaryk and under Benes the Czechoslovaks have enjoyed something very closely akin to American-style democracy. They know its benefits. They do not propose to surrender them. Benes, the scholarly president who was a lecturer at the University of Chicago, told Hindus that even "Russian Communists acknowledge that the transformation of a liberal democracy to higher forms—a socializing democracy—should and can come about gradually, step by step."

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S trial, Hindus found, has not been without errors and travail. Some nationalized factories have had difficulties with managers unaccustomed to directorial responsibilities. Sometimes party politics have interfered with productive work. Factory output has not yet reached prewar levels. But the real miracle is that a revolution has occurred without bloodshed, a revolution with the consent and coöperation of the governed, a revolution which may affect the history of the world.

Czechoslovakia, confounding both Marxist and classic capitalist doctrine, is trying to make socialism and capitalism lie down side by side, to attain economic democracy at no sacrifice of political democracy and freedom. Hindus believes that if the great powers keep hands off and if the Czechoslovaks maintain internal unity, their far-seeing experiment will work. If he and the Czechs are right, as one can only hope they are, then *The Bright Passage* of Czechoslovakia from war to a peaceful future may be a harbinger of brighter passages for other nations of a groping, uncertain world. WILLIAM WALTON

William Walton visited Czechoslovakia in 1945 as a foreign correspondent for Time *and* Life. *He has been a foreign editor of* Life *and is now on the staff of the* New Republic.

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"DROP THEM CANS IN TH' COFFEE GENTLE, JOE. WE GOT A CHICKEN STEWIN' IN TH' BOTTOM."

Bantam Books has reissued at 25 cents Bill Mauldin's Up Front—*regarded by many who should know as the best book to come out of the war. In addition to the familiar Mauldin drawings, there is a quiet, shrewdly written text.* – G. M.

Imaginary Portrait

IN *Dario* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) Percy Winner has written a short, swiftly moving and impressive first novel. It is a portrait of one of those Italian *condottieri* who flourished between the First and Second World Wars and who came to be known as *fascisti*, or better, *gerarchi*. Through the portrait of this hierarch he has distilled the essence of the whole hierarchy and of the political atmosphere that bred it.

Winner has used as his method what he chooses to call "a fictitious reminiscence" covering the period from 1925 to 1945 in which he describes his own intimate relation with just such an individual, whom he names Dario Duvolti.

That at first sight Duvolti appears to be but a thinly disguised portrait of Curzio Malaparte (whose *Kaputt* was published here recently) is probably due to the fact that Malaparte had many of the qualities common to such a *gerarca* and was certainly the fascist most intimately known to Winner. Actually *Dario* is much more. It is a composite psychological portrait of an imaginary individual in a recent historical set-

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ting. The prose is terse, and as in the most commonplace dream, much material is condensed into an apparent simple phrase. Evidently fond of Mallarmé's formula, the author puts into the mouth of one of his characters that to name is to kill; to suggest is to create—thus leaving much of the work to the reader.

YET such an approach may not be without its advantages. At a time when the word 'fascist' has been used and misused to the extent that it no longer conveys any definite meaning (Webster's International Dictionary defines it as a member of "an Italian organization, originated by loyal patriots to oppose all radical elements in the country, as Bolshevists, Communists, and the like . . ." and by extension similiar organizations elsewhere in the world), it may perhaps be of use, as Winner has done, to synthesize in one imaginary individual character trends that result in a fairly typical fascist and let the reader decide himself the soundness of the analysis.

Though Winner reëvokes the powerful reality of fascism in its early stages and follows its development through the unending spiral of intrigue, he does so primarily as a setting. Though he touches upon the external phenomena on which fascism was nursed—the bitterness to Italians of the Treaty of Versailles, the contempt with which the great powers considered Italy and most Italians—his emphasis is on the inner reactions of Duvolti, his relation to other men, to women, to his mother; the emphasis is on Duvolti's talent, his violence, his thirst for and handling of power; his weakness, superstition, submissiveness and double dealing, and above all on the balance within the man that made such ambivalence possible.

Yet there is even more to the dualism of Duvolti's character than appears on its face. Two apparently mutually exclusive types of fascist are rolled into one: the fascist who will die rather than compromise, and the fascist who intends to survive at the price of any expediency. In fact the book is full of such conflicts of duality.

Furthermore *Dario* is not only a composite portrait of a European political adventurer. It is also a picture of the development through twenty years of a young American journalist who learns to pick his way through European politics without going overboard.

Though there appears to be room for the author of *Dario* on both sides of any issue, Winner makes it plain where and when he condemns Duvolti's reactions despite their underlying attachment for one another. They become as different as two sides of a single coin, though basically as similar as the metal it's made from. Men who are unable to recollect having been moved by a member of their own sex (a Mussolini, a General Donovan, a father, or a sibling), may shy at Winner's relation to Duvolti as described in the book, but that relationship is not only essential to the structure of the narrative, but in its unraveling holds the key to the nature of the book.

PETER TOMPKINS

Peter Tompkins lived in Italy for many years and covered the war there in 1940 for the Mutual Broadcasting System. He served in the Psychological Warfare Branch and with the OSS in Italy.

Freud in Technicolor

Nothing more pleasant on a Sun- or holiday
Than talk of war and wars to come,
When back in Turkey—far away—
The people clash and beat the drum.

WHEN one reads this verse in which Goethe describes the bourgeois of his time in the famous Easter promenade episode of *Faust,* one cannot refrain from making a comparison with the weekend conversations of this Easter, 1947. Without benefit of scientific psychology Goethe evidently knew what we would now call the psychopathology of Sundays and holidays.

Modern writers lean on Freud. For their descriptions they have drawn liberally on his "Psychopathology of Everyday Life" and his other writings. Psychoanalysis is still an active influence on our intellectual life, although it has been used for more than half a century. What is the present stage of the long discussion concerning Freud's influence on art and literature?

In 1910 Freud published a monograph under the modest title: "A Childhood Memory of Leonardo da Vinci." In it he discussed with brilliant originality certain mental mechanisms such as *identification.* Now the same monograph appears in a new edition with the ambitious title: *Leonardo da Vinci, A Study in Psychosexuality* (Random House, $2.50), with a characteristic introduction by Dr. A. A. Brill. It is as if Roosevelt's speeches on a better world were published with an introduction by President Truman. In his first sentence Brill deplores that "among the intelligentsia, Freud is still closely associated with sex," and then proceeds with an introduction devoted "to that part of Freud's discoveries which is still closely associated with his name, namely, sex."

In this introduction Brill fights a battle that was won a long time ago. Sex—at least as Brill writes about it—is not a taboo any more, but a fashion. Freud did the necessary spadework, but now a much wider social context is necessary before psychoanalysis can shed a much wider light on general problems. Leonardo da Vinci left drawings which show that he had visions of man learning to fly and of modern arms doing damage at a distance. That was a dream that has come true. A really up-to-date introduction to Freud's *Leonardo* in 1947 would need not another hackneyed repetition of the over-schematized periods of sexual development, but some reference to the fact that Leonardo's "Last Supper" was all but destroyed by a civilization which evidently will not be cured by psychoanalysis alone.

THE MOST important part of psychoanalysis is its original, strictly scientific method and the data that have been discovered by it. Freud expressed the essence of his general method like this: "Psychoanalysis wants nothing but to uncover connections, by reducing the manifest to the hidden." In the beginning psychoanalysis had to restrict itself to a narrow focus. But now the intellectual problems of our time demand the uncovering of "connections" in a much wider field. The point at issue today is not whether psychoanalysis is "too sexual," but whether it is still too individualistic. For the majority of analysts still neglect the social content of Freud's work, which was liberating and progressive for his time and suggests important tasks for the present.

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According to Freud, sincerity in art is not merely a moral question, but goes to the very roots of esthetic creation. Dostoevsky felt this, Ibsen knew it, but Freud proved it. The critics of art and literature are now caught in a crisis in which social problems clamor for expression and solution. Failing to see the progressive aspects inherent in Freud, they may neglect psychoanalytic ideas entirely. In Barrows Dunham's recent *Man Against Myth,* for example, Freud is summed up as holding "that human behavior is decisively conditioned by inborn impulses." In reality, it was Freud who dealt the most decisive blow to the overevaluation of inborn tendencies in the history of psychology. That part of Freud had an important influence on literature, as can be easily seen by comparing Thomas Mann with Zola. On the other hand, literary critics often bolster up their individualistic estheticism by using psychoanalysis as vaseline to soothe the social conscience of the people. It is not that this modern type of psychiatric literature in books, on the stage and in the movies is morbid. It is a form of escape literature which, as far as writers are concerned, spells only: escape from responsibility.

At the moment we are less concerned with the psychic "censor" in the mind of the neurotic and more with the very real social censorship of art and literature which resembles the neurotic's "censor" so closely. Recently a social worker was discharged by a large national woman's organization because she had recommended such books as Abel Plenn's *Wind in the Olive Trees,* Glenway Wescott's *Apartment in Athens,* Simonov's *Days and Nights,* Morgenthau's *Germany Is Our Problem* and Harrison Forman's *Report from Red China.*

That may be an extreme case. But it is illuminating if we wish to understand the social bias that exists of necessity in all critical writing about art, however abstract, and about literature, however esthetic. Freud has taught us to interpret the dreams of the poets, but we need Marx to look through the fantasies of the critics. FREDERIC WERTHAM

Frederic Wertham is a leading psychiatrist, the author of The Brain as an Organ *and* Dark Legend: A Study in Murder.

The Best We Could

"THANK GOD!" said President Roosevelt in July, 1942, when Harry Hopkins cabled him that the Anglo-American chiefs of staff had at last agreed to do something together—to assault and occupy North Africa.

The American chiefs, in their first fighting flush, had wanted to charge right in and land a haymaker on the German jaw in Western Europe. The cautious British, meanwhile, had talked about feinting and jabbing at what later became famous as the "soft underbelly" of the Axis. To Americans the British preference looked squeamish at best and devious at worst; but when one reads Samuel Eliot Morison's story of the way we actually delivered our first punch (*Operations in North African Waters, October, 1942–June, 1943,* Little, Brown, $5) one is inclined to say "Thank God" again—thank God we tackled North Africa before we took on the steeled, victorious Germans.

The conclusion that emerges from Morison's detailed and official evidence is simply that if we had delivered an attack on Hitler's well armed mainland with the degree of skill that we displayed in our landings in North Africa, we would promptly have been pitched back into the sea. Politics aside, the North African operation was a practice bout—and the only reason we won it was because the Frenchmen on the spot were even more bewildered than we. We learned tactical lessons there that saved tens of thousands of American lives in the later assaults on Sicily, Italy and the French coast. We learned something about Darlanism, too, although that did not sink in quite so well.

The fault did not lie with our topside command. On the contrary; the work of planning a coördinated, simultaneous Anglo-American descent on a remote and hostile coast was brilliantly executed, and the arrival on precise schedule of a vast armada after a 4,500-mile ocean passage was an unprecedented feat of naval organization. But the moment our hundreds of anchor cables rattled out through their hawseholes in the aromatic darkness of the early morning of November 8 off the shore of Morocco and Algiers, our troubles began. US submarines that had gone ahead to spy out the shore picked up the wrong landmarks. Scout boats assigned to lead our landing parties in often steered for the wrong beaches. Transports fouled their gear while launching and loading their small, clumsy Higgins landing boats (the big, steady LST's and LCI's of later invasions still existed only on paper). Ill handled landing boats got lost, broke down, piled up on rocks, or broached and were beached broadside to. The Army was furious when the Navy set its regimental staffs ashore six or eight miles out of position, and the Navy was furious when ill trained Army units simply abandoned much of the equipment that had been hauled ashore for them and took off for the interior. The African natives, meanwhile, made off with all they could find in the general confusion.

As for the French, their ships and shore batteries opened up without the faintest idea of who the strangers were out there in the dark. For the sake of Vichy or of the Allies or simply of glory, French generals and admirals issued every sort of order and counter-order, and when some of them were still potting away at us, others were already sitting down over champagne with General Patton. It all looked gallant, mercurial, tropical and haphazard, with overtones of the Spanish-American War. The only trouble was that it wasn't going to be that kind of war.

Morison admits that most of the French commanders who held their jobs through grace of Vichy were a bad lot. But he defends the cease-fire deals we made with them on the grounds of military necessity. And the portrait he paints of our military adolescence as of November, 1942, makes the best possible case for such a necessity. Our long spiritual unreadiness had left us physically unready as well; in the circumstances, we did the best we could.

Speaking of planning, the Navy showed bright forethought when it selected Professor Morison—a ranking historian and blue-water sailor—to sail aboard its ships into action and to write an over-all series of first-hand campaign histories of which this shrewd and salty narrative is the first to appear.

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

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United Nations News

Caution! Our Lake

DESPITE valiant reportorial attempts to read a criticism of the United States into Trygve Lie's address to the Trusteeship Council, the drama in the situation bogged down thoroughly. The only conceivable reference to Truman's Near East policy was Lie's statement that member nations should show "a readiness to resort to the United Nations even when the most vital national interests are at stake. . . ." But later, at a press conference, the Secretary-General said flatly that he had been referring to trusteeship matters, not to US policy. He went on to say that on his last trip to Washington (after the Truman speech), he had found more enthusiasm for the UN among congressmen and government officials than ever before.

The one controversial subject that did come up for thorough discussion was Palestine. Greece and Palestine are not so disconnected as one would like to think. In fact, they may prove to be very closely linked when Palestine is discussed before a special General Assembly session. There are those in the UN who suggest that by the time the Assembly considers Palestine, Britain and the US will have arrived at some mutually satisfactory arrangement. They believe that, as in Greece, the US will agree to assume certain financial responsibilities and guarantee British economic and strategic protection in return for the admission of a fixed number of Jews. The argument is that Britain has decided to give the Mediterranean over to the US and build a new lifeline across Africa. This would mean that Britain's real stand in the UN will come over retaining the Egyptian Sudan, and not over Palestine.

THE Trusteeship Council opened its first session, hopeful in some ways but aware, as the US delegate said, that "it would be tragic if this Council, which has so much the making of peace as its objective, should not be represented by a country as great and powerful, as important, as the Soviet government." The USSR, which had steadfastly fought the trusteeship proposals in the General Assembly, remained absent and apparently unmoved.

Meanwhile the Economic and Social Council was winding up its fourth session. It had agreed that building machines and factories and employing workers have acquired world-shaking importance. The question was, how do you build and whose advice do you accept? The Council debates, which have been going on for the past month, point up a new and potentially influential voting split: one separating the industrialized nations from the undeveloped nations. The composition of the Council and the fact that it is dealing in long-range planning are widening that gulf. Of 18 members, more than half are either small and undeveloped or large and frankly backward industrially.

VOTING together, these countries managed to push through the creation of an economic commission for Asia, over the initial protest of the United States. This was a fairly significant move, first because it put the US in the awkward position of advocating an economic commission for Europe and opposing a similar one for Asia; second, because it gave the undeveloped countries new courage to vote as they feel rather than as the big powers direct.

As one delegate said, "Through that vote we suddenly realized that we from the so-called backward countries can do what we want to in this Council. Decisions are made by simple majority and we have the majority. But we've never had this kind of power before and sometimes we're frightened to use it."

They used it once more to push through a resolution which, on principle, no one could oppose, but which may well revolutionize economic development if fully carried through. This resolution would create a UN Secretariat unit to supply expert advice to member nations on any development project. This means, quite simply, that if Cuba should want advice on banana growing, she could go to someone besides United Fruit; and if Lebanon should want advice on developing oil reserves, she would no longer need to get it from Standard Oil.

THROUGHOUT the Council debates it was clear that big industrial countries like the United States were placing their economic emphasis on full employment, without always admitting that full employment depends on development of resources in South America, Africa and Asia. In fact, during the Council session, the US maintained constant "liaison" with certain smaller nations in an attempt to influence the vote on such crucial questions as the commission for Asia. When it became evident that opinion could not be changed, the US gave in and voted with the majority.

This kind of split presents a very interesting problem for the Council. Like the General Assembly, it may recommend but not order. Already the results of this Assembly limitation are evident. It requested the withdrawal of ambassadors from Franco Spain; Argentina, El Salvador and the Dominican Republic have failed to comply, with no obviously detrimental effects. In the same way, if the US or some equally important power should ignore the creation of an economic commission for Asia, there would be no recourse. The only remedy—and a probable one in the case of Spain—is to report the violations either to the Security Council or the General Assembly, where the question of enforcement can be fully discussed.

THE Press Bar at the United Nations has acquired a new gimmick—a well lighted, invitingly located dart board. The original suggestion for supplying the press with some form of entertainment was a pingpong table. But since the bar is located between the Security Council and the Economic and Social Council chambers, that idea didn't seem practical. It was felt that the noise might easily interfere with a vital speech or that some of the Council members might resent the obvious parallels between their game and the one going on in the bar.

JANE BEDELL

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Labor

The States Hit Labor

THE legislative drive against labor which has attracted major attention is the drive in Congress. But 41 of the 48 state assemblies either have been, or now are, meeting in their regular sessions, and in virtually all these assemblies bills have been introduced to limit or withdraw rights which unions have previously gained.

The pressures on unions, therefore, arise not merely from apprehension about what Congress may do if there is a major strike in some basic industry. They arise also from apprehension about what the state legislatures may do. Generally speaking, the bills proposed in the state legislatures have certain common characteristics:

1. They modify and in some cases virtually abolish the right to strike.

2. They take industrial conflicts out of the realm of collective bargaining and throw them into arbitration or some system of judicial procedure.

3. They severely reduce or abolish the principle of union security by attacking the closed shop, the lesser variants of the closed shop and the check-off of dues.

At least 10 states had adopted legislation affecting union security at the time of this writing and it was expected, by union spokesmen, that perhaps 25 state legislatures would adopt some form of new labor-relations laws before all the sessions were adjourned. Both the AFL and the CIO had mobilized their lobbyists against the bills, but no realist denied that the anti-labor tide was running high in the state capitols.

Virginia began the parade early this year by adopting one law outlawing the closed shop and another law severely regulating strikes in public utilities. Arizona, Arkansas, Georgia, Nebraska, South Dakota and Tennessee also have adopted either statutes or constitutional amendments undermining the principle of union security. Labor lawyers argue that, in all probability, these measures are subject to attack as an interference with freedom of contract or due process, or an infringement of the Wagner Act. But the job of court review is likely to be a long and complicated one, even if it is successful. And the psychology of the assault on unions is perhaps more important than the assault itself.

A bill was introduced in the Arizona legislature to require unions to file financial statements with the state government and imposing criminal penalties for violation. Another bill provided for compulsory mediation of labor disputes and imposed penalties for a wide variety of "abuses" such as violation of a contract, a strike without a rank-and-file ballot, "intimidation" of employees who didn't join a union, and sitdown strikes.

THE less familiar a state is with the problems arising from mass industry, the more anxious it is, apparently, to adopt stringent devices to limit and restrict unions. Thus in Nebraska, a largely non-industrial commonwealth, a constitutional amendment now is in effect which forbids the closed shop, the union shop, a maintenance-of-membership clause or the check-off of dues. The Nebraska amendment expressly provides that it shall be self-enforcing. Arizona, Florida and South Dakota have taken similar action.

In some states, including those with a higher degree of industrialization, the more repressive anti-labor bills have been beaten. Mobilization meetings of workers in Indiana emphasized the opposition of unions to bills which would restrict picketing, require a "right-to-work" referendum before a strike and place a one-year statute of limitations on back-pay claims. In Ohio, unions worked equally hard against anti-labor measures and even in Tennessee some 1,500 CIO workers protested an anti-closed-shop bill, which nevertheless passed. In other states, such as Massachusetts, the unions have been weak and ineffective in presenting their case.

Union spokesmen argue that the hostile attitude in state legislatures is not a true reflection of public opinion about unions. "The people are not worrying about unions," they say, "but about the cost of food and clothing, the scarcity of housing, the fear of another depression."

This argument probably has much truth in it; one fact which attracts little attention is that many of the state legislatures are gerrymandered so that disproportionate power is given to the rural areas. Even in highly industrialized states, such as Illinois and Ohio, the urban workers are deprived of a proportional number of representatives. It is possible for the legislatures to pass anti-labor bills, therefore, without correctly representing public opinion.

BUT a further cause for anti-labor legislation is the division between the AFL and the CIO. On some local levels a functional unity between the two major federations has been achieved for the purpose of opposing bills of which all unions, in principle, disapprove. This functional unity, however, is not general. There are still AFL leaders who will make deals with state legislators to pass bills hostile to the CIO and CIO leaders who will make deals for bills hostile to the AFL. The deals are shadowy ones; they may depend simply on a nod of the head, a smile or the absence of protest. But a state legislator who is interested in cracking unions to even the smallest degree knows how to employ them.

There is no sign, as yet, that disunity in labor on the highest levels has been healed. The projected discussion of organic union between AFL and CIO committees has not yet reached the point at which a meeting has been set. So long as there is division at the top, among the principal bureaucrats of the labor movement, there will be division in the rank and file. The two federations will consequently be used and abused by politicians and presidential aspirants.

How much harm may be done on the state level by anti-labor laws is debatable. The Florida anti-closed-shop constitutional amendment, which once reached the level of US Supreme Court consideration, has never been effectively enforced. But labor lawyers may be disagreeably surprised some day to find that the court has upheld genuinely harmful state legislation. WILLARD SHELTON

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Farm

Feeding the Land

AMERICAN farmers today are unable to get the commercial fertilizer they need and the demand this year may well outrun supply by 15 or 20 percent. Representative Flannagan (D, Va.), who has been alert to this situation for some time, has just introduced a bill, H.R. 2494, which, if enacted, would prevent shortages in the years to come. The bill provides for a comprehensive fertilizer-research and development program, for the construction of fertilizer plants by the government and for the construction of coöperatively owned and operated fertilizer-mixing plants.

Commercial fertilizer is so much a part of the farm economy and so important to the health and welfare of the nation's people, animals, plants and soil that it seems obvious it should be the direct concern of the federal government. But the National Fertilizer Association was "horrified" a year and a half ago at the Flannagan bill and I suppose will be "horrified" all over again at the present bill.

One reason I suspect that the Association is "horrified" is that it has the fantastically rich American fertilizer market all to itself and doesn't want any competition from farmers, government or farm coöps. The National Fertilizer Association was indicted for violation of the Anti-Trust Act on February 10, 1941, and, together with other co-defendants, was fined $260,000.

The same kind of people who are fighting the Flannagan Bill have been fighting the TVA, the FSA, the REA and any other agency that helps the farmer. During the fertilizer hearings, officials of great corporations told what a patriotic service the industry had rendered by expanding fertilizer production. To hear them talk, you would think that the fertilizer people had done all this for nothing.

Conclusions reached in a Department of Agriculture study of the fertilizer situation in August, 1944, proved that such a program as that outlined in the Flannagan bill was necessary. But Secretary Anderson turned against the experts in his own department and, according to James Patton, president of the National Farmers' Union, ordered all copies of the report destroyed. And as far as I know the department has no program of its own. One of Anderson's assistants told me recently that the department was opposed to the government's building or operating fertilizer plants for the benefit of the farmer. Another official told me that the Flannagan bill was just another attempt to put legitimate firms out of business. It seems to me that as far as fertilizer is concerned, our Department of Agriculture is working for monopoly capital and not in the interest of farmers.

MY recent comments on the controversy over the merits of natural and artificial fertilizer, made in connection with the threatened new epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease, has brought forth the following communication from C. Raymond Everitt, executive vice-president of the Boston publishing firm of Little, Brown and the proprietor of a farm in Ipswich, Massachusetts:

SIR: Referring to the article by Angus McDonald on "Soil and Disease" [the *NR* March 10], I suspect that Mr. McDonald has not got a green thumb and I know he has done an injustice both to Sir Albert Howard and the general principles of organic farming. I would even suspect that he has not read Sir Albert Howard's great book, *Agricultural Testament,* and that he is unfamiliar with the literature of biodynamic farming. He has attempted to damn with faint words like "enthusiasts" and "a good idea" a doctrine of farming and nutrition which has been studied and tested for decades.

He says, "They maintain that artificial fertilizer causes diseases in plants, animals and men. . . ." It is my reading of the theology that that has never been claimed by any partisan. The point is that plants, animals and men are much less likely to get disease if such are fed from fertile soil.

Mr. McDonald then, in one quotation from Dr. Schoening, intimates that Sir Albert did not know how to conduct his controlled experiments. Really, someone should do a little homework and find out how many hundreds of thousands of acres throughout the world are using Sir Albert's Indore method before one scientist says about another, "Oh, maybe he didn't recognize the right disease."

And then that statement, "Well fed pedigreed animals seem to be more susceptible to foot-and-mouth and other diseases than cattle suffering from malnutrition." Well fed on what?

THE following quotes from Sir Albert Howard's book, *The Soil and Health,* refute the charge that I am wrong in attributing to Sir Albert the belief that artificial fertilizer causes disease: "It has been suggested throughout these chapters that much of this disease is due to farming and gardening methods which are inadmissible" (page 187); "The moment we introduce a substitute phase in the nitrogen cycle by means of artificial manures like sulphate of ammonia, trouble begins which invariably ends with some outbreak of disease" (page 189).

Sir Albert breezily dismissed foot-and-mouth disease (which is now costing our government $9 million just as a starter and which in the past has cost hundreds of millions) with the conclusion (page 162 of *The Soil and Health*) that it is "a consequence of malnutrition pure and simple," that diseased cattle should not be destroyed and that a proper diet will clear it all up.

Existing evidence doesn't indicate that there is necessarily any relation between artificial fertilizer and disease. If there were, isn't it strange that the present malady, which exists over thousands of square miles of Mexico, seems to strike down well fed, poorly fed, organically fed animals alike? How does it happen that cattle in Mexico, where little "artificial" fertilizer is used, get foot-and-mouth disease, and how does it happen that the disease does not at present exist in the US, where much is used? Some few don't get it because they've had it before; some may catch a mild variety, etc. That's the reason Dr. Schoening made the remarks he did. He knows that the effects of foot-and-mouth disease vary a great deal.

Now I'm not saying that humus-filled soil isn't good. Of course it is, and there's no argument. But I am saying that Sir Albert and the others are claiming far, far too much for organic fertilizer and that by doing so they are doing themselves and their ideas a disservice.

ANGUS MCDONALD

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Movies

Psychiatry, Plain and Fancy

"THE LOCKET" is a psychiatric piece of some worth that has been given wild publicity. The ads show a large, brave lady on whose forehead a monstrous locket has been attached, apparently by chains. In the film she isn't of such heroic proportions, and is pretty well played by a comely girl named Laraine Day. "The Locket" is yet another instance of a movie with possibilities and even with a little grace, but which, in the main, is the usual, rather infuriating combination of scared bravado and timid cliché.

The idea of a beautiful, mentally sick girl who is a thief on a big scale and who lies disarmingly because her neurosis makes her forget, is a natural for Hollywood. "The Seventh Veil," a better movie, used the same standard ratio of one girl, some interesting analysis of her perverse psyche, and three men. The story here is about one Nancy, who is quite a dame, and throughout the picture there is enough good stuff to make one wonder at the distressing blanks in invention and execution left behind by the author, Sheridan Gibney, and the director, John Brahm. For dramatic effect it is allowable to have a child frightened by a false accusation, accompanied by physical violence that almost amounts to strangulation, into saying she stole a locket that was given to her. But when years later, that girl's third and last suitor is the son of the mean, sick woman who scared her, and when he is asked on her wedding day to wear the you-know-which locket, and when the identical music box falls to the floor as it did when Nancy was ten, you're forced to the conclusion that the team of Gibney and Brahm is no more than promising.

BOB HOPE

It bothers me that some of the other critics have classified Nancy as a kleptomaniac, since all the ones I've run around with would settle for an old hairbrush or a hotel towel or a hand-painted pin-dish. Nancy, on the other hand, goes for only the finest of diamonds on her prowls, and her collecting skill, in addition to other delightful habits, so concerns the three men who are besotted with her that one jumps out of a high window and the other two are forever doomed to be unable to live with or without her.

At one point in the film, Nancy and her psychiatrist husband (Brian Aherne) move to England to escape the unpleasantness following on the suicide leap of husband number one. They both enlist and work exhaustingly through the blitz, and these English sequences, showing the doctor's mounting suspicion and apprehension, coupled with the national fatigue, are excellent. Another good scene comes in the middle of the picture when the first husband (Robert Mitchum) questions Nancy about what makes her the way she is. This is played, directed and written well, and shows that the boys know what to do, though only in snatches.

"MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE" is about sixth down among Bob Hope pictures, but I still think that he's a funny performer. With Hope it is all science, and since he does so much so often, his routine gets monotonous. But his formula—the original, intelligent, fast, ad-lib effect; the combination of mediums where, in a movie, he goes from a considered commonplace of burlesque, into his radio act, into a classical aside—I celebrate. A lot of comedians are dummies, though they have to be smarter than most dramatic actors. Hope is bright.

In this minor work he is a baby photographer who hankers to be a detective. It's pretty pedestrian stuff, but if you like him at all you won't mind. The script is about a last-minute reprieve from the hot seat at San Quentin, a gang after some uranium-loaded ore, and a sanatorium run by kidnapers. Peter Lorre is the slapstick menace and Lon Chaney Jr. is a sweet, muscle-happy goon who goes around cracking walnuts with his elbow. Dorothy Lamour patiently plays the damsel in distress, and Crosby appears briefly to throw his beneficent shadow over the whole proceedings. Elliott Nugent directed, and since he has talent, made as much of the story as possible. In many respects it is handled better than a lot of serious Hollywood efforts. SHIRLEY O'HARA

WORTH SEEING

SMASH-UP—Not so good as "The Lost Weekend," but an interesting movie on the disconcerting properties of drink. With Susan Hayward and Lee Bowman.

THE SEA OF GRASS—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, a little too self-consciously noble, in a prairie saga you might like very much.

BOOMERANG—Dana Andrews and Jane Wyatt in a good story made like a documentary.

PURSUED—Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum and Judith Anderson in a beautiful Western.

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (*Les Enfants du Paradis;* French film, English titles)—The movie medium used intelligently and with feeling.

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES—Excellent cast headed by Fredric March. The year's big Oscar winner. Veterans' problems.

HENRY THE FIFTH—Superb English film. Don't miss it.

SAVE YOUR EYES

I'LL BE YOURS—Only for the violent Deanna Durbin fans who are willing to forgive her pictures wholesale.

STRANGE WOMAN—A good story and Hedy Lamarr acts some, as well as looking luscious, but it was badly muffed and turns out tiresome.

SONG OF THE SOUTH—Disney gone offensive in a big way.

CALIFORNIA—Ray Milland, Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Fitzgerald in a movie that's so bad the audience makes strange noises.

THE WICKED LADY—Margaret Lockwood's figure and nothing else recommends this.

BEDELIA—Another Margaret Lockwood and, unhappily enough, as bad as "The Wicked Lady."

SINBAD THE SAILOR—Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Maureen O'Hara. It's silly, expensive stuff and has little to do with "The Arabian Nights."

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Radio

Whose World Flight?

IT'S Tuesday night in my home. I'm in the kitchen, one ear close to my little prewar radio set. Over its uncertain amplifier comes the voice of Jawaharlal Nehru. There is cadence in his measured assertion that "no race should be considered an inferior race, as a race." That seems to me like poetry of a high order. But from the powerful amplifier of our new radio set in the living room comes another poem. I'm not sure who the speaker is. Maybe it's Jerry Colonna, or Vera Vague, or perhaps even Bob Hope himself. But what the voice says is unmistakable, clear: "My favorite brunette is only three; when she wants her daddy, she calls for me."

Yes, it's Tuesday night, and you may guess that the time is between 10 and 10:30. It's an hour which, in the past three months, has brought strain and friction to my family, but in the end my growing son has always won. I have let him have the living-room set, while I retired to the kitchen with the old squeakie. For my son belongs to the majority.

Along with something like 22 million other Americans, Tuesday nights at 10, he must listen to Bob Hope over NBC. I have been addicted to CBS and Norman Corwin's "One World Flight," but that will soon be over. Next Tuesday, April 8, at precisely 10:28:50, Alex Semmler's orchestra will do its final fanfare; the announcer will say for the last time: "You have been listening to Norman Corwin, first winner of the Wendell Willkie One World Flight Award"; there will be a listing of credits, bows and acknowledgements; then: "This is CBS . . . the Columbia Broadcasting System," and curtain. "One World Flight" will have come to its last three-point landing. And Bob Hope will rule without challenge.

Maybe it's just as well, for there's unfinished business on the Hope show. Pepsodent is in a generous mood these nights. Will *you* get one of the four new Chevrolets being given away weekly by the makers of toothpaste with Irium? What about the eight new Frigidaires as second prize? Or are you willing to settle for one of those ten crisp $100 bills? Whatever your aspirations, all you need do is write a jingle helping to plug Hope's new picture, "My Favorite Brunette." The announcer will tell you how. Like this, for instance: "My favorite brunette is a guy named Joe: I married the man 'cause I loved him so." Think I'll enter the contest myself. Juxtaposing Hope's Hooperating of 30-plus against Corwin's average for this series of a little over three, I'd jangle: "Our favorite 'B' is still Bob Hope; he who listens to Corwin is just a dope."

But even at an average Hooperating of three, the dopes have counted up to well over two million each night Norman Corwin's latest series has been on the air.

Corwin himself admits that it's a respectable audience; that, for instance, if he did a play for Broadway, it would have to have a run of "hit" proportions before it reached two million people. And with this series he reached that many people each week for 13 weeks in a row. "But what, in spite of this vast audience, have we been doing with radio?" he asks. "Sure, some of us have experimented on the periphery of the medium as an art. But it's a vast continent, and we have not yet even begun to explore it." Corwin is not being childishly modest; he knows the contribution he himself has made to radio as an art. But he means it when he talks of having only skirted the periphery.

NORMAN CORWIN

"There's so much to be done," he continues. "And it's our fault, those of us in radio, that it isn't being done. Which includes the public, of course—the listeners. They forget they are part of radio. If they remembered, they'd make the radio executives give them the kind of radio they want. There are enough writers to write great radio—there are more able writers than there are interested executives.

"I wrote a preface recently for a new anthology being put together by a friend of mine, Joseph Liss. Liss is himself a fine writer. So are a dozen or so of the men he includes in his anthology. How many listeners know these people, hear them often or at all? Where, as far as radio is concerned, are Norman Rosten, Arthur Laurents, Arnold Perl, Millard Lampell, Erik Barnouw? All an executive would have to do to present a radio series by any of these men, I think, would be to pick up the telephone and ask them. Columbia has presented Corwin and Mutual has presented Oboler. What's the matter with all of radio presenting a dozen of these people all at the same time, night after night, in the kind of radio they can do?"

CORWIN has put a lot into the "One World Flight" series. He started preparing, lining up the details for the trip, in March of 1946. He was away on the trip from the middle of June to the middle of October, and has been at work on the broadcasts ever since. That's a total of a year's work. CBS, which has not been given sufficient credit for its share, has spent a total of about $50,000 financing the trip and the broadcasts. But Corwin himself gave up about $80,000 which he could have earned in Hollywood in addition to his CBS salary, had he not been interested enough to make the full-circle trip for the One World ideal.

"What I have to report," he says, "I have put into my 13 shows. There it is. That's the world, as I saw it, heard it, recorded it on that magnetic gadget which Lee Bland [CBS technician] and I lugged around the world. There will be no surprise ending to my series, no 'payoff' that I have not already telegraphed ahead. I've lost no hope, and I have gained some. To despair of the world is to resign from it. The reser-

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voir of good will toward the United States, about which Willkie spoke enthusiastically almost five years ago, has drained to a dangerously low level. We are suspected, disliked, resented and even hated in some of the very countries where Willkie found the greatest appreciation and friendship for us in 1942. But the united world is still a distinct possibility. If we replace the Gibraltar complex in international politics with the principle of mutual compromise, we can, we will, still win that One World."

I try to draw Corwin, on the record, beyond these generalizations. I tell him that perhaps he is talking, as he says these things, not only to his audience, but to Corwin. I pick up his script of March 18, the one about his visit to the Philippines, and ask whether there was a parallel between the conclusion of his narrative on that show and the present United States policy in regard to Turkey and Greece. On that date, Corwin said:

"Both sides of Philippine politics agreed that independence did not mean the end of American economic and military interest in the Islands. The question which seemed to me as yet unanswered, and worth watching, was whether the presence of our culture, our men and our money can create a condition of freedom, unity, tranquillity. . . ."

CORWIN smiles and stops me by asking his wife for some coffee, and we drink it in silence. Then we talk about his brother Al's new baby, about the honeymoon-vacation he and his wife hope to take when the series is over, about the possibility that he may do a play for Broadway next year. As I start to leave, I adjust the odd slips of paper on which I have taken my notes, and my Bob Hope sheets fall to the floor. Uppermost is a note I had made on one of Hope's recent shows. Jerry Colonna was being squeezed by some pretty girl who thought he was an orange. "How could she possibly mistake you for an orange?" asked Hope. Colonna answered: "I don't ask questions—I just have fun."

Maybe Colonna said something there about American listeners.

SAUL CARSON

Theatre

David and Uriah

"BATHSHEBA" (Ethel Barrymore Theatre) by Jacques Deval suffered before its opening because of James Mason's shadow. As a movie favorite, both in this country and Great Britain, he was what was written and talked about. The play now takes its revenge, however. It is not in the least a stirring vehicle for the actor's first appearance on Broadway. It is relaxed and talky and at odds and ends with itself; you cannot tell with any certainty how much irony was in the author's mind or how much solemnity of purpose; and there is no genuine suspense. You reach the final curtain with very little impression as to Mason's ability. His career would suggest acting powers, but in this performance you get no sense of definite talent. His voice too often goes into a thin, rather nasal tone.

The original story is unsavory enough in its Bible form. David sees a beautiful woman bathing, sends for her, lies with her and returns her to her husband's house. When Bathsheba notifies him that she is going to have a child, he summons her husband, Uriah, from the war and tells him to go home. Uriah, full of devotion, does not go home, but joins the army in the open fields. David then sends a letter by Uriah's hand instructing the general to put Uriah in the front of the battle and then retire and let him be killed. After that David takes Bathsheba to be one of his wives. The Lord punishes him by making the child die, but seems to have let the matter drop there, for pretty soon little Solomon is born. Bathsheba, apart from her grief at Uriah's death, is given no qualities at all in the story; she is merely beautiful and compliant. David emerges as a whopping cad with lyric gifts, violent impulses of passion and repentance, and a vividness that evidently interests the Lord. In the play the whole picture of him is softer and looser, in spite of all the time and talk devoted to him. I was never sure as to what James Mason himself thought of the character. That seems too bad. If this British actor is as remarkable as his publicity declares, his comment on the devious King David would be of great interest.

THERE is one significant observation to make about this play based on a well known story. The same point applies to the play some weeks ago that dealt with Mrs. Surratt's story, which closed after nine performances. The point is that in neither of these plays was there any element of real suspense. One answer to that is to ask how can there be suspense when the story is known ahead of time and thus is ended before it begins. That argument seems plausible enough, but the whole of Greek drama is against it. The story of Oedipus, for example, must have been known to every schoolboy in Athens in some form or other; but Sophocles' play has a suspense almost unendurable. It would be useful to go through various plays dealing with well known stories and see to what extent suspense is achieved and by what imaginative means the pressure is created.

The significant point is that suspense is not, as is so often thought, I gather, a matter of narrative outline—the pattern of withholding and developing, arousing and retarding curiosity, and so on, that is regarded as creating suspense. That is, plainly, one kind of suspense. But real suspense—essential suspense—like every other quality in art, is more inner than appears at first sight. Suspense in a drama is a subtle and profound working at the very center of it; it has the suspension and excitement of all true passion, and a passionate urge to creation must be taken as the source of everything in art that is of living value. Suspense, therefore, is a form of intensity. It does not concern mere narrative.

For the play Stewart Chaney has provided some of his handsome settings, very ample and luxurious as befits this play, and rather too good for it.

STARK YOUNG

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Music

Records for Easter

IN TIME for the Easter season, Columbia has released the first full-length recording of Handel's "Messiah." It is remarkable that this masterpiece has been slighted for so long by record-makers, for no piece of music is more widely known and cherished throughout the English-speaking world. From it millions of people who have sung in its majestic choruses over the past 206 years have learned to experience the warm sense of ownership which music gives only to those who perform.

At any rate, the new records were worth waiting for. They were made in England by the Huddersfield Choral Society and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, with Malcolm Sargent conducting. Every measure has the ring of authenticity and of long knowledge of the traditions which have accumulated around the music. The engineers have dealt successfully with the live acoustics of the Huddersfield Town Hall; there is a grand echo in the big passages, but the harmony is never blurred.

There is an unearthly beauty about the soprano solos of Isobel Baillie, who sings with tone of the rarest purity and the artless simplicity of a boy soprano. Norman Walker, the bass, invests all his solos with rich understanding and real communicativeness. Although the set costs $22.50, it is worth it. Of the 53 numbers, only five are cut, and these will scarcely be missed, since they are usually omitted in concert performances.

VOX, one of the rapidly growing newer concerns, has obtained exclusive rights for the repressing and distribution of European-made Polydor records in this country, under the Vox label. A few albums have now been released, and many others will follow in quick succession. One of the immediate projects is the reinstatement of a number of recordings of Maurice Ravel's music, made under the composer's supervision shortly before his death in 1937.

Three of these Ravel works are now available. Although they lack the brilliant sound of up-to-the-minute, high-fidelity technique, they are distinguished in every musical regard. Ravel's only string quartet, often glamorized and sentimentalized by slick chamber-music groups, receives a performance of the most affecting naturalness from the Galimir Quartet. With Ravel conducting, the Lamoureux Orchestra revivifies the jaded "Bolero." The Concerto for the Left Hand Alone, a unique tour de force written for the one-armed pianist Paul Wittgenstein, receives a clear and tonally blandishing performance from Jacqueline Blancard, with the skilled accompaniment of Charles Munch.

WHEN one thinks of the months of disciplined rehearsal which were required for the Kroll Quartet's new Musicraft recording of Beethoven's monumental Grand Fugue for string quartet, it seems unkind to object to the final result. But this music is about as abstract as music can get and bitterly resists performance. While the Kroll Quartet succeeds in laying out a convincing ground plan, a good many features of the music are not clearly audible.

Handel—Messiah: Huddersfield Choral Society; Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra; Malcolm Sargent, conductor; Isobel Baillie, soprano; Gladys Ripley, contralto; James Johnston, tenor; Norman Walker, bass; Harry Mortimer, trumpet; Edward Cooper, organ. Columbia No. MM-666; 19 12-inch records in two albums, boxed, $22.50.

Ravel—String Quartet, F major: Galimir String Quartet. Vox No. 180; three 12-inch records, $5.62.

Ravel—Bolero: Lamoureux Orchestra, Maurice Ravel conducting. Vox No. 167; two 12-inch records, $4.05.

Ravel—Concerto for the Left Hand Alone: Jacqueline Blancard, piano; Paris Philharmonic Orchestra, Charles Munch conducting. Vox No. 168; two 12-inch records, $4.05.

Beethoven—Grand Fugue, Opus 133: Kroll Quartet. Musicraft No. 73; two 12-inch records, $3.05.

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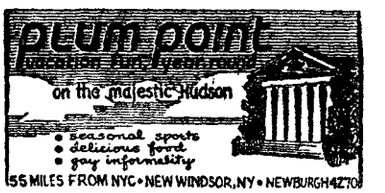
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Letter of the Week

(Continued from page 3)

respectively. In January of 1945 we met each other in Oflag 64, Szubin, Poland. During the great January drive the Red Army made from the Vistula to the Oder, Oflag 64 was evacuated and on January 22 the three of us, and a considerable number of others, managed to detach ourselves from the evacuation column at a manor called Wegheim, in Poland. We stayed at Wegheim and that evening the spearhead of the liberating Red Army drive came through. The first Red Army people who stopped to speak to us were members of the front wave of armor pursuing the routed Germans. After speaking with the senior American officer in our group and offering us some drinks, they departed, saying they were traveling day and night in a rapid advance on Berlin. We described this episode in Moscow at a press conference at which General Deane presided. James Aldridge quoted my statement at that press conference in *PM* of February 21, 1945:

"All day the Russians went through. Once a Russian officer stopped and said, 'We are going to Berlin. Plenty more Russians will follow. They will look after you'."

"That afternoon they were behind the lines of the Red Army. The Russians paid little attention to them except to tell them to go to the east." – Deane, pages 191-2.

AFTER a few days a Red Army officer came, to act as liaison with the Red Army and take responsibility for the evacuation of the group of former prisoners. During this period two other medical officers and I spent some ten days in the nearby town of Kcynia, caring for Polish civilians and helping the Red Army field-hospital personnel while they were becoming established. The senior American officer in the group of prisoners at Wegheim had ordered the Americans to stay together at the manor even before the arrival of the Red Army. It became obvious to those of us who were in Kcynia and had the opportunity to observe conditions, that no orderly evacuation of the group of former prisoners would become possible for several weeks. Sick and wounded soldiers had been accumulating at the Red Army hospital because of the dearth of evacuation facilities. The first train movement from Kcynia after the repair of the tracks was on February 3. Some of the Red Army officers with whom I had spoken there had suggested that we make our way to the rear. A number of the Americans at Wegheim also had the same idea. The senior American officer did not permit this until February 3. As soon as he did, a group of some 30 American officers left Wegheim. The Red Army made no attempt to stop us.

"The three officers made their way to Wegheim, near Exin [Kcynia] in Poland, where they found a small concentration of American ex-prisoners in a camp under Russian control. They remained at this camp for a few days; they tried to find out what disposition was to be made of them but obtained no satisfaction from the camp commander. They escaped from the Wegheim camp on February 3, 1945, and started east." – Deane, page 192.

TWO weeks later, during which we had many interesting experiences and had daily contact with numerous Red Army personnel of all ranks and Polish civilians of many political shades, we arrived in Moscow on February 17. We had all gained weight; my own gain was 30 pounds from German prison to Moscow—less than a month. On February 19, General Deane presided at a press conference in which we said that we had traveled on Red Army vehicles moving rearward, spending some nights with Red Army units and some with Polish civilians. We also said that we were refused food and lodging by individual Poles, for which we never blamed them, but were never turned down by Red Army units or by town commandants when we asked for quarters and rations. Our best meals were served by Poles, who had many more luxury foods than the plain Red Army officers' messes. We had broken up into small groups in Poland because it was obvious that hitch-hiking in small groups was much easier. Colley, Dimling and I formed the group which was the first to arrive in Moscow; three other groups arrived within a week.

"During the day they would get rides on Russian supply vehicles going to the rear for replenishment, and at night they would seek shelter from Polish farmers and peasants. The met other small groups of Americans, all seeking some American in authority. They avoided forming large groups for fear of being taken to the Russian repatriation camp. . . ." – Deane, page 192.

"Gruenberg and his companions told me that they had had the kindest treatment from the civilian population of Poland. The people were more than willing to share their meager food supply with the liberated Americans. The officers said that the Red Army was indifferent to them." – Deane, pages 193-4.

THE real problem we had in making our trip to Moscow was evading the Red Army's hospitality. After months of inactivity we were eager to get back to military control and into action again; officers of the Red Army frequently indicated that they thought it inappropriate for us to be hitch-hiking casually and offered to arrange formal evacuation. It was because we understood that such formal evacuation would inevitably be slower, although it might well be more comfortable and entail less outlay of energy on our part, that we persisted in our individualistic method. As we got to the vicinity of Warsaw it became obvious that town commandants were under orders to put up liberated prisoners and keep them together until they could be evacuated in groups to concentration points. After we discovered this we deliberately avoided town commandants, as their instructions did not agree with our plans. On two occasions we left Red Army soldiers who were detailed to care for our needs, in spite of their strenuous efforts to persuade us to stay; we were never held forcibly anywhere. At Brest-Litovsk the three of us were sent from the official frontier post, where we crossed the border into the Soviet Union, to a house which held a group of American officers we had known previously at Oflag 64. Their senior wa

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an American Lieutenant-Colonel, a West Pointer. He was in contact with the Red Army town commandant. The Lieutenant-Colonel told us that the commandant had asked him to order us to stay put and not to leave the city. But he said that in his opinion we had just got out of a German prison camp to land in a Russian prison. He said that if any of us could "escape" (his word) and go to Moscow and inform our Embassy of the situation, we should do so. We did not agree that we were being held prisoners, but we took his instructions about going to Moscow seriously.

"Apparently the Red Army took no responsibility for caring for liberated Americans and no other Russian agency was interested. Gruenberg reported that American prisoners were being concentrated at Wegheim, Rembertow and Brest-Litovsk." – Deane, page 194.

The next morning, in broad daylight, the three of us walked out of the building in the presence of and with the knowledge of the elderly Red Army sergeant who was in charge of our orderlies, provided by the Red Army. We attempted to deceive him as to our destination, but he was not fooled. He followed us and kept trying to persuade us to return with him. We managed to outmaneuver him after spending half a day back-tracking through the streets and railway yards of Brest. He was unarmed and at no time did he threaten to use force to make us come back with him. He was pleasant and good-natured as well as incredibly patient.

MY MOTIVES in pointing out some of the errors in *The Strange Alliance* are, in the first place, the sincere belief that a democracy can establish policy in the national interest only on the basis of a correctly informed public opinion, and, second, my sense of obligation to the gallant, friendly and hospitable men and officers of the Red Army. I have been in communication with Dimling since a friend first called my attention to General Deane's book, and he has confirmed the corrections which I make above. However, since there has not been time for him to read this letter, it is signed by myself alone.

ERNEST M. GRUENBERG

Bandwagon

Pious-Hope Department

AIRCRAFT MAKERS HOPE TRUMAN'S NEW FOREIGN POLICY WILL SPUR US TO GREATER MILITARY PLANE OUTPUT
– *Headline in the* Wall Street Journal.

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In Vino Veritas

WOMEN SHOULD BE WELL LIT TO BE GENUINELY ATTRACTIVE
– *Head on a UP dispatch from Hollywood.*

"Far-Flung Battle Lines"

Note—Capital experts call it the "Truman doctrine" because it spells out application of the Monroe Doctrine on a worldwide basis. Its aim is to bar foreign domination in areas deemed vital to our security. – *Steffan Andrews in the Boston* Globe.

Life on the Ocean Wave

Senator Aiken had raised his eyebrows at a Navy item for $97,252.50 worth of silver-plated fingerbowls and matching plates. He thought that represented "unnecessarily elaborate tableware." . . . Mr. Forrestal agreed that the fingerbowls, which were to have borne engraved emblems to distinguish an admiral from a rear admiral and so on down the line of officers, were "nice ties"—strictly apart from "necessities." Such buying will be reviewed in the future, he said. – *UP dispatch from Washington.*

Our readers are invited to contribute; $ will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITOR

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Correspondence

Fancy and Fable

SIR: "Fact, Fancy and Fable" seems like an only too appropriate title for Frank K. Kelly's article on the *Farmer's Almanac* in your March 17 issue.

He says, "No less a scholar than George Lyman Kittredge, the most eminent living authority on Shakespeare, has found time to write a 400-page monograph on the *Almanac*." Now, Kitty died in the summer of 1941, as Nieman Fellow Kelly, located at Harvard, should be in a position to discover. Furthermore, "has found time to write" is also somewhat misleading, since Kitty's book was actually published in 1904, a mere 43 years ago! . . .

Monmouth, Ill. EUGENE B. VEST

[The report of his death, to paraphrase Mark Twain, was not exaggerated. – THE EDITORS]

W. E. B. DuBois

SIR: The undersigned is engaged in editing the letters and papers of William Edward Burghardt DuBois. Will those having such manuscripts please communicate with me at 1015 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn 25, New York?

Brooklyn, N. Y. HERBERT APTHEKER

Historical Parallel

SIR: King George III might well have said this:

The very existence of the American colonies is today threatened by the terrorist activities of several thousand armed men, led by republicans, who defy the government's authority at a number of points, particularly along its northern borders.

Billings, Mont. W. G. RICHARDS

Regular Service

SIR: The *New Republic*, commenting in its issue of March 24 on admission to the press galleries of Congress, fell into error in calling *Editorial Research Reports*, a member of the galleries for many years, one of two named "publications which supply newspapers on an intermittent basis." The fact is that we supply material to 201 daily newspapers six days of the week, and some of the Washington correspondents who receive the service transmit it by wire to their home offices. . . .

Washington, D. C. BERTRAM BENEDICT

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BARBARA HALE
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FRANK MORGAN
— AND —
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Directed by ELIA KAZAN
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NOBODY BRINGS JEWS INTO PALESTINE

True enough, twenty-five ships, carrying a total of 15,630 Jews, reached the shores of Palestine since "VE" Day. But, only sixty-four Jews "disembarked." Of these, eight were killed by "Nelson's Heirs" aboard ship and were laid to rest in Eretz-Israel; thirty-nine swam ashore, and the remaining seventeen were admitted by the "grace of His Majesty's Government. The bulk of the human cargo is imprisoned on the island of Cyprus. The twenty-five ships stand confiscated by Mr. Adolf Bevin, who does not like New York's Jews.

Thus, the boastful claims that Jews are being repatriated to Palestine despite the British Sea blockade are without a shred of evidence. To this day the so-called "illegal immigration" has been defeated on the Mediterranean. For God's sake, let's not kid ourselves.

Let's Turn Defeat Into Victory

The Political Action Committee for Palestine and its Congressional Advisory Board, headed by a score of prominent members of both Houses of Congress, have called on the President of the United States to "Lend-Lease" to the Committee, or any other recognized agency, any number of DC4 transport planes for the sole purpose of repatriating the Jews from the American zone in Europe to Palestine. This plan, "Exodus by Air," has already proven feasible. The Committee further undertakes to provide experienced technical personnel to pilot, navigate and service these planes, assuming all risks. The operation will be divided in two categories: (A) Planes carrying women and childr n will be directed to secretly designated makeshift landing fields in Palestine; (B) Planes carrying able-bodied men will be unloaded by *Parachute.*

One DC4, with seventy or more passengers, is capable of making four round trips a day from a certain port in Europe to Palestine. One way in less than two hours.

No Cartel . . . No Monopoly . . .

We are prepared to submit our BLUEPRINT for "Exodus by Air" to any private agency, including the Jewish Agency. We are further prepared to provide the personnel and pay all costs of operation, provided, of course, said agency or agencies are willing to put the plan into operation *immediately* at a cost of ten million dollars, covering the purchase of the planes necessary to carry out "Exodus by Air." A lesser amount would weaken, if not cripple, its effectiveness.

The Political Action Committee for Palestine, in a nation-wide crusade, is bringing the facts about the savagely cruel treatment of the Jews now in Palestine and those desiring to make their home there, to the attention of the American public.

The situation regarding the inhumanity of the British toward the Jewish race is enough to awaken the conscience of peoples everywhere. It is developing into a malignant cancer from which no people eventually will be safe. The British are fastening upon the necks of the Jews a galling and deadly tyrant's yoke.

From an Editorial in the WICHITA BEACON, Wichita, Kan.

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN HELP

Political Action Committee for Palestine, Inc.
104 WEST 70th STREET, NEW YORK 23, N. Y.

I support whole-heartedly your request for a substantial number of DC4 planes from the Government of the United States, for the sole purpose of repatriating the Jews from the American Zone in Europe to Palestine. ☐

Here is my contribution toward your objectives. $.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

MARK SOLO
Author of
"Exodus by Air"

HON. JOSEPH CLARK BALDWIN
Administrative Chairman

NON-SECTARIAN

POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEE for PALESTINE, Inc.

104 WEST 70th STREET NEW YORK 23, N. Y.

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